New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS
Anthony Howard

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The Agony of Angola

★

PRIVACY
C. H. Rolph

★

A. J. AYER
Cock-a-Double-Do

★

A. ALVAREZ
Prancing Aesthete

★

V. S. PRITCHETT
Funny Little Fellows

★

EDWARD HYAMS
on Cider

Cloak and Dagger Morals

In a world transfixed by the balance of nuclear terror, the Cold War is inevitably being fought by the increasing use of weapons of economic competition, subversion and espionage. In all three the Communists have the advantage. How should the West use these weapons – and protect itself against them? In the economic field, the answers are plain, as this journal has pointed out many times. In the field of subversion and spying, however, there is no easy way out. Since the late 1940s, the United States has deliberately chosen to use subversion. The Central Intelligence Agency not only gathers intelligence, but employs 20,000 'operatives' overseas. It claims a number of shady 'successes': the overthrow of Mossadeq in Persia and of Arbenz in Guatemala; more recently, the disposal of Patrice Lumumba. Against these must be counted some notorious failures, which have brought humiliation to the West and peril to the world: Laos, the U-2 affair and Cuba.

Its operations are also open to more fundamental objections. Experience shows that, if intelligence agencies are made responsible for policy as well, the information they get will be coloured to fit their policies. The Cuban fiasco is a classic example of this. Secondly, in attempting to subvert suspect left-wing regimes – or to bolster 'reliable' ones – the CIA has identified the West with the most reprehensible elements of feudal privilege and reaction. The consequence is that even in countries where it has temporarily succeeded in imposing pro-western governments, it ultimately increases Communist influence: Persia may soon illustrate this danger.

Finally, the CIA's methods weaken the West's strongest weapon: its determination to uphold international order. This is founded not only on deeply-felt morality, but on commonsense too: the Americans, after all, personify the world's property-owning classes, and the prime function of law is to protect property. If they help to destroy international legality, they will be the first to suffer. For all these reasons Mr Kennedy is now re-examining the role of the CIA. He is certainly resolved to bring it under strict presidential control; he would be well-advised to reduce it simply to an agency for gathering information.

Britain, by contrast, has never possessed a subversive organisation. But we have, in common with all other powers, indulged in spying, often with success. Can this practice be defended? We must answer yes – within limits. If we agree that the policy of deterrence has helped to maintain peace, then clearly accurate information about Soviet targets must be obtained if the western deterrent is to remain credible.

Having conceded the necessity for spying, we must also agree that our espionage should be efficient. Two recent and very grave cases have shaken confidence in both our security and intelligence agencies. Thus the demand for a drastic overhaul is justified. But parliament and public should keep a sharp watch on any measures to tighten security. There is always a lively danger that public criticism can be exploited to increase the powers rather than the effectiveness of the security services. Improved methods of vetting those with access to Official Secrets must, therefore, be accompanied by correspondingly strengthened safeguards – including the right to appeal to a tribunal completely independent of the administrative machine, presided over perhaps by a judicial personage who would command full public confidence. A committee of Privy Councillors, for instance, would serve; certainly, the powers of such a body should cover not only government servants but university and private employees engaged on 'sensitive' work, who at present enjoy little protection.

Above all, hysteria must be avoided. MacCarthy never detected a single Communist security risk; but he did succeed in hounding many valuable scientists and officials out of public service. In security matters, it is the Opposition's duty to remind the government that moderation, fairness and a cool head are the only sure foundations for efficiency.

Comments on the Week's News

Teheran

The Next Emergency?

A Special Correspondent writes: On several occasions in the last few months Mr Krushchev has made pointed references to the possibility of revolution in Persia – as if he were warning the West to take measures in time to forestall an emergency. But the crisis may now have begun. The country is on the verge of bankruptcy, and under the Emami government corruption, incompetence and misuse of foreign aid had become widespread. Last week, after police had fired on striking schoolteachers, the Shah dismissed Emami and appointed the more liberal Dr Amini (former ambassador to the US) as prime minister. His first act was a full and remarkably frank report on the desperate economic situation; and the parliament – elected under laws which the Shah himself has denounced as fraudulent – has now been dissolved until new elections are held.

Is it too late for reforms? That depends in part on the western powers, and especially on the US. Anxious, no doubt, to save the ramshackle CENTO alliance – Britain, with Turkey, Persia and Pakistan – Washington has been disturbed by the Shah's hint that he may declare Persian neutrality and accept Soviet economic aid. To counter this hint it was suggested that the headquarters of CENTO should be moved to Teheran under the command of an American general. But such measures would be useless. The only hope, if Dr Amini means to clear up the mess of corruption and repression – which is a condition of effective use of foreign aid – is to give him all the help he needs. So far, western policy has bred the 'subversion' that now threatens the peace at this flash point of relations between Russia and the West.

Congo

What Happened to Tshombe?

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: There will be little sympathy with Mr Tshombe in his relatively humane detention by the Kasavubu government from those who remember Lumumba's death and the massacres of the Baluba. For the time being, at least, he has been spared the fate he caused to be meted out to others. The fact that he has been detained with scant legality, or that his captors themselves are hardly innocent, is less important in lawless Congo than the use to which his detention may now be put.

Three deductions may be made from the new situation. First, the Kamitatu mission from Kasavubu to Gizenga a few weeks ago seems to have had some success; the Leopoldville and Stanleyville regimes are working together for the first time since the break between Kasavubu and Lumumba. Secondly, the Kasavubu government now seems to have established some form of control over General Mobutu and his troops. Thirdly, both the Kasavubu and Katanga governments have now expressed their willingness to work with the United Nations force.

These more promising signs may be only temporary. Yet behind them is the reality of the central government's need for some share of the Katanga revenues and the Katanga fear of losing control of the mines. Both sides now realise that the new Belgian government intends to work more closely with the United Nations and that Kennedy's America will give genuine support to Mr Hammarskjold. Reason and self-interest therefore combine to draw the Congo provinces towards rapprochement. If these trends can be steadily consolidated in Mr Tshombe's absence a general amnesty may become possible without fear of another relapse into separatism and civil war.

USSR

Crimes and Punishments

The Soviet decision to extend the crimes liable to the death penalty is a regression in several senses. It goes against the current in all civilised countries, and against the relaxation of penal measures which has been going on since Stalin's death. But it also introduces a category of capital crime which could have dangerous implications. It may be necessary to take drastic action against 'terrorists in places of confinement' – criminals who, as a mass of evidence proves, have dominated labour camps and political prisoners – but this phrase could be used to cover the execution of anyone who is detained and lost to public sight. At a time when the rule of law has gradually been extended in the USSR, and it is much less easy for someone to disappear 'administratively', it is regrettable that a provision open to such abuse should become part of Soviet law.

The main interest in the new penal decrees, as our Moscow Correspondent points out below, lies in the implied scale of embezzlement, 'hooliganism' and 'parasitism.' There have been sensational exposures of crimes against public property in recent months, and the stiffer penalties suggest that customary Soviet methods of checking such abuses have proved ineffectual – no doubt because making something on the side is so endemic in Soviet society that the point at which 'self-help' becomes swindling is a matter of definition.

'Hooligans' and 'parasites' are a different problem. The creation of such an ill-defined class liable to deportation to labour camps has overtones which may sound even more ominous to Soviet citizens than to western observers. Once labour camps are to be filled with 'parasites', their gates may be opened to other offenders against 'public discipline'. No doubt less disturbing constructions can be placed on these changes; at the moment, all comments must be largely guesswork.

The Moscow View

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The Supreme Soviet has by decree extended the list of crimes punishable by death to include large-scale embezzlement of state or public property, currency offences, and terrorising the inmates of corrective labour colonies. It has also abolished the rebate system for hardened criminals and for those serving sentences for robbing the state. The General Procurator, Rudenko, said that the time had come when major misappropriation of state property – he cited cases in Georgia and Kiev involving hundreds of thousands of roubles – should be considered a crime no less grave than murder and warranting the sentence of death by shooting. Hitherto the supreme penalty has been limited in its application to premeditated murder under aggravated circumstances, treason and espionage, banditry and rape.

The new decree was issued within a few hours of another which brought the Soviet Union a step nearer to making work 'according to one's abilities' compulsory for all able-bodied citizens: the government of the Russian Federation, following the example of Georgia and Leningrad, has granted district courts powers to deport to 'specially designated areas' people who shirk socially useful work or who live off unearned income. The term of forced labour is to vary from two to five years and can be remitted by up to one half. It remains unclear whether the 'anti-social element' will be permitted to return to his original place of residence after he has been released.

The decree comes as no surprise. Ever since Krushchev revived the Leninist principle of allowing state administrative bodies carrying out functions of compulsion to 'wither away' and replaced them with courts of honour, public order squads and other ways of bringing to bear the weapon of social opprobrium, attempts have been made to strike a balance between persuasion and compulsion in crime-prevention. In smaller towns and country areas the 'rogues' gallery', prominently displayed, has often proved effective. But in the large cities, where society is less close-knit, culprits cannot be effectively put in the pillory. 'Some officials', a *Kommunist* writer observed recently, were even doubting the expediency of continuing to enlist the citizenry in helping to maintain law and order, but this view was erroneous. 'The party firmly believes in the further extension of democracy'.

Although Soviet sociologists maintain that a very high proportion of crimes, excluding those committed in a state of drunkenness, are attributable to social parasitism, the conferring of drastic powers of eviction, confiscation of property and deportation on local authorities is probably to be explained by more than the determination to build a model society in which crime, that 'inevitable concomitant of capitalism' will have no place. The labour shortage has never been so acute, for the 'hollow years' of the war are

The Agony of Angola 741
The Battle of New Orleans. Anthony Howard 742
Budapest Diary. Charon 744
Privacy. C. H. Rolph 746
After the Exodus. Ursula Wasserman .. 748
Correspondence. Benn W. Levy, Canon L. John Collins, Pat Sloan, Trevor Evans, Tom Driberg and others .. 748
Books in General: Prancing Aesthete. A. Alvarez 753
Reviews. Paul Johnson, Richard Mayne, G. W. Stonier, D. J. Enright, V. S. Naipaul, D. W. Harding, Edmund Leach, M. I. Finley 754
Arts and Entertainment. A. J. Ayer, V. S. Pritchett, John Willett, William Whitebait, G. S. Fraser, David Drew, Victor Willing 761
Week-end Competitions 764
The Countryside. Edward Hyams .. 764
City Lights. Taurus 766

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now making themselves felt in the ranks of the young men and women who are reaching working age.

The decree is aimed primarily against youth, against that minority of the younger generation which, having chosen to remain outside the society of organised workers finds petty 'free enterprise' a dull and risky business and, consequently, turns to violence. The 'outsider' in Soviet society has had a relatively easy time recently. Now the state has armed itself against him by reviving the traditional Russian sanction of deportation.

Labour Party

Unity for What?

The mandate with which the AEU delegates will go to the Labour conference at Blackpool is the same as that which the Shopworkers gave earlier last week to Mr Padley: give priority to a Labour defence policy 'capable of uniting the party' yet flexible enough to take account of changing circumstances. Though the Crossman-Padley document did not appear on the AEU agenda, it was referred to on several occasions in the debate; and there is no doubt that the Shopworkers' vote helped to win support for a compromise among the members of the AEU national committee.

Both unions thus seem to be reflecting the growing desire for unity within the Labour movement, and they may well be joined by the railwaymen and the miners before the Blackpool conference. These four, together with a large number of constituency parties, would make a formidable block of votes around which the centre of the Labour Party could regroup – the essential condition of any effective unity. The immediate danger is that Mr Gaitskell, on one side, may regard this emerging centre as an obstacle to a complete rout of the unilateralists, while Mr Cousins and the left may see the compromise as a temporary barricade behind which the right is mobilising to crush them in October. Such suspicions are understandable, but dangerous: if this opportunity to build an overwhelming majority for the Shopworkers' resolution is lost, unity may never be restored.

But even if the compromise is accepted, there remains the unanswered question: what will Labour do with new-found unity? The optimists have been waiting for the document on home policy which the Labour Party is due to publish early in June. This, it has been rumoured, would make Labour seem at least as modern as J. K. Galbraith, yet would rely on the Socialist techniques of public ownership and control – which the Clause Four controversy proved were as vital as ever to the bulk of the party membership – to revitalise the British economy.

If the 'leak' about this document in a London newspaper this week is correct, however, there are grounds for some misgivings. The draft still speaks of the 'commanding heights', of public ownership where industries fail to expand or to introduce new processes, and even of some form of land nationalisation. But it seems to lack a unifying principle, as if each of these measures (such as opening the Public schools to entrance solely on merit or preventing take-over bids) was an end in itself, rather than part of an overall programme which could, as Mr Wilson proposed in his Four-Year Plan published recently in this journal, restore 'the lost dynamic' – so lacking in the affluent but stagnant society.

Westminster

An All-day Charade

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: The issue is fairly simple. Should a man be allowed to renounce a peerage and so be eligible to sit in the House of Commons? The issue is not only simple. It is also (I bet) decided. We *are* going to allow a man to renounce his peerage and so be eligible to sit in the House of Commons. But to the British there is something indecent about going straight to the point; and so the House of Commons this week went into an all-day charade which Lord Lambton described as the greatest silliness he had seen during his parliamentary career.

It began at 20 minutes to three when Mr Anthony Neil Wedgwood Benn, accompanied by Mr Herbert Bowden, the opposition chief whip, and Mr William Wilkins, the member for Bristol South, walked into the Lobby and engaged in a bit of dialogue with the Senior Doorkeeper which every lobby correspondent present already knew by heart. The only unrehearsed incident came at the end when the doorkeeper, having announced that he would keep Benn out by force, bowed courteously at the very moment when Benn himself was bowing courteously. The clash of heads, so narrowly missed, would have added just that touch of Whitehall Theatre farce which was needed to put such parliamentary antics in their true perspective.

Thereafter a crowded House spent six and a half hours arguing whether Benn should be allowed to state his case at the Bar of the House and whether he should be allowed to take his seat pending the decision of the electoral court. Before we began everyone knew that the government (and hence a majority of the House) would say 'no' to both proposals; and the only somewhat unpredictable items which emerged from the proceedings were the look of real suffering on the faces of government supporters as they listened to the dismal winding-up speech of Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, the self-torturing squirms of Mr R. A. Butler throughout and the extraordinary behaviour of a faction of 33 Labour MPs.

Butler's squirms were due partly to the necessity to change his ground every few minutes, partly to the knowledge that, single-handed, he had put the government into a ridiculous position and that every step he took to extricate it was making matters worse. The behaviour of the 33 Labour MPs was extraordinary because they flatly refused to vote for Benn. This was due not to laziness but to deep conviction; and, so far as I have been able to unearth it, the source of this conviction is either (a) that Benn has a Public school accent; or (b) that Benn is a smart-

aleck – 'the fellow was always on his feet in the House'; or c) that all this fuss on the Benn issue won't help the old-age pensioners. The Tories suffered because they knew that they'd been caught in the wind of change without their overcoats and were being drafted by three-line whips into defending something which is indefensible and which their own government does not intend to defend for long. Tories *are* the defenders of tradition and privilege; but they don't like this fact to be quite so clearly shown.

What now? If the Electoral Court rules that Benn is ineligible, it is possible that his defeated opponent, Mr Malcolm St Clair, will demonstrate the final *reductio ad absurdum* by taking his seat. If he does, the government may persuade him to apply at once for the Chiltern Hundreds and hold up the writ for a new election in the hope that they can then persuade the opposition to join talks on Lords reform. The opposition will join no talks which do not cover the powers, as well as the composition, of the Lords. I doubt if it will join even the widest possible talks unless the government introduces a separate bill allowing Benn and other peers to renounce their peerages. I think that, rather than face a succession of by-elections in Bristol South-East, the government will agree. After that, the Opposition would presumably agree to joint talks about the future of the Lords – including, I hope, the quickest way of abolishing it.

Nairobi

Battle for the Land

A Correspondent writes: 'You'd understand the extremism surrounding the land question in this country, if you'd seen what I once saw – a cornered Mau-Mau terrorist cram earth into his mouth as he died.' The athletic-looking administrator was talking about one of the imponderables of Kenya. But as he stepped out of his car on to the soil of the Rift Valley he could hardly have associated with extremism the African peasants who were awaiting him, in American-type ties and moccasins. They were products of the agricultural education of recent years, some of the new kulaks of Kenya; and they had come to view a farm in the White Highlands bought by the Kenya government for settling African 'yeoman farmers'. To qualify for one of the holdings carved out of the desirable 600 acres of maize, pyrethrum and grazing land – whose log-cabin farmhouse could be seen from the roadway – these Kikuyu must be able to pay, cash down, at least ten per cent of the cost of the land, as well as half the development cost. They must also satisfy the local settler land board of their farming ability.

The main worry of these Kikuyu farmers is over the attitude of the African Nationalist leaders towards the present White Highlands resettlement projects. Up to now, these leaders have withheld the political approval which would mean security of tenure. The African attitude on the land question is neither extremist nor unreasonable. Africans obviously welcome the decision to open the White Highlands to cultivators of all races; but the previous Kenya administration took controversial decisions about agricultural resettlement and – to reassure the European farmers – started to implement them before the elections and the formation of the present, more representative government.

The main concern of African leaders, of KANU and KADU alike, has been with the way in which loans from abroad are to be used for buying European farms. To deploy large sums, immediately, would create a heavy burden of repayment for future Kenya governments and might encourage a mass exodus of European farmers, making the economic transition in Kenya more difficult. The KADU ministers, when negotiating their latest aid agreement in London, insisted that their main need is for capital to buy land and re-settle Africans on it. Another issue is the administrative separateness of the White Highlands (now renamed the Scheduled Areas) with their European-composed land boards and special credit facilities. To try to perpetuate this system would invite African suspicion that the Highlands are to remain a 'European-controlled preserve'. Furthermore the concentration of the last Kenya government on 'yeoman-farmer' resettlement – based on holdings of 50 to 100 acres – has looked to many Africans too much like the creation of a 'docile capitalist' African class easily assimilable into the old settler system.

These issues of land policy are going to remain crucial long after the dispute over Kenyatta's release has become a thing of the past. For African criticism of the White Highlands resettlement plans has not been solely on political grounds. Why, it has been asked, is there no provision for promoting co-operatives? One answer may be found in the attitude of certain senior Kenya administrators. 'Co-operatives are not on', they say; 'the African's too much of an individualist'. These *laisser-faire* convictions are inherited by colonial officials from Edwardian days. But the immemorial African system of mutual support within the family and clan in fact provides very much the social pre-conditioning needed for co-operative agriculture.

Recently a swirl of bush-hats, baseball caps and cameras – the African regional conference of American ICA field workers – descended on a 15-acre model farm in Central Province. The visitors were justifiably impressed. By excellent husbandry the enterprising African farmer was keeping his family and earning an additional £250 a year. What had happened to the less successful cultivator from whom he had bought part of his land? The man had become a 'forest squatter', labouring for a government forestry officer, who allows him to grow crops near the afforestation work. This, as it happens, is not a bad living. But many other Kenya small cultivators, who have 'gone to the wall', are swelling the unemployed in Nairobi, or earning the 'breadline' wage of the unskilled urban worker (£5 a month), or labouring on European farms. Some new holdings are already overcrowded. In a maize-growing part of Kiambu recently an African welfare officer found about 40 people clinging to one consolidated 11-acre holding.

The land is so congested in great areas of Kenya that many thousand cultivators must inevitably become farm or factory workers. Yet this proletarianisation is socially unhealthy in the existing low-wage conditions. The encouragement of co-operative farming could strengthen and aid the weaker elements in the Kenya peasantry, and enable many of them to survive and prosper on the land. It is an obvious instrument for arresting the drift into worklessness and low-wage labour.

NEXT WEEK

London Diary
CRITIC

The Fading Image
J. B. PRIESTLEY *on CND*

Castro after the Invasion
K. S. KAROL

Next week ANTHONY HOWARD, *who is joining the* NEW STATESMAN *as Political Correspondent, will contribute the first of his weekly articles on the political scene.*

Washington

End of the Honeymoon

Right at the end of Mr Kennedy's first 100 days comes the news that unemployment has not diminished. Indeed, even in April the rise in employment was less than the seasonal revival which can be expected at this time of the year. The Administration's explanation – inclement weather – recalls one of the lamest excuses of Mr Eisenhower's Press Secretary. The brave new frontiers of President Kennedy do not seem to stretch as far as a radical economic policy. Production fell in the first quarter, and the recent slight revival, boosting Wall Street to new heights, was also disappointing and was merely the result of the end of inventory liquidation. The gap between actual and potential production (which is steadily increasing as a result of the growth of population and productive investment) has been estimated by Kennedy's own economic adviser, Professor Heller, at some $40,000 million, and is now nearing $50,000 million. The current loss of potential production thus equals total British national income.

The reason for this failure to push through a more vigorous policy is that Mr Kennedy is obviously disinclined to face a head-on collision with the bankers and their conservative allies in Congress. He has only nibbled at unbalancing the Budget. He did not cut taxes, but merely increased expenditure, mainly on relief and armaments. His initial victory over the Congressional conservatives was followed by a sharp set-back and he was able to squeeze through only a watered-down version of his main proposals. The prospects of his plan for medical aid for the aged, and for help for the depressed areas, look somewhat brighter. All this will not be sufficient, however, to re-invigorate the economy.

In international economic affairs Kennedy has also been timid. Professor Samuelson's report, on which policy was based, fell short of what was needed. Instead of vigorously explaining the reasons for the disturbing loss of gold – the continued export of capital – it made far too many concessions to the old-fashioned diagnosis. And now it seems that Dr Per Jacobson's veto on any imaginative scheme to convert the International Monetary Fund into a fully-fledged Central Bank capable of creating credit will stand. Though Professor Triffin has been hired as a consultant, the American team was strangely silent on international economic reform at the recent Paris meeting of OEEC; and even Professor Triffin's suggestions for reform fall far short of the requirements. The grant to India of $2,000 million in the next two years is a wonderful example to the other members of the western alliance, but only international monetary reform would in present circumstances mobilise the abundant productive power of Europe for the coherent attack on world poverty which is needed.

New York

The Uses of Rhetoric

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* Of the two great preoccupations that followed hard on the Cuban debacle, the first has begun to wear thin. This is the inevitable game, played in every capital after a fiasco, of apportioning blame and speculating on the degree to which this or that official has gained or lost caste. Thus *Time* magazine, with what seems like unnecessary relish, reports a dip in prestige for the professorial team of Schlesinger, Bundy, and Rostow. Throwing in Dean Rusk for good measure, Walter Lippmann agrees, that, whether this is true or not, it should be, on the curious ground that these 'new hands' failed to protect the President against the bad advice of his 'old hands'. Others add General Lemnitzer and Admiral Burke, from the Pentagon; and a New York *Daily News* columnist reports hearing everywhere 'the suspicion voiced that the Cuban debacle was brought about by Commie sympathisers in high government posts,' a symptom of the same paranoia that held General Marshall personally responsible for Chinese Communism.

In all the assessing that has gone on, however, there is overwhelming agreement that President Kennedy himself is in the clear and that the Central Intelligence Agency is in the doghouse – especially Richard Bissell Jr, first deputy in charge of Cuban revolutions. In spite of the President's gallant assumption of full responsibility, the first post-Cuban Gallup Poll shows 82 per cent of the people for him, a peak rarely reached even by Roosevelt.

Far more important than these evaluations is the second preoccupation, not only of the capital but of the country: what do we do next about Cuba? Nothing in the Kennedy record, or in the exigencies of world politics invites the belief that he will sit back and do nothing – or in any event give that impression. As moderate and sensible a commentator as Roscoe Drummond counsels that 'failure is tolerable' only if he 'makes it clear that he is preparing to succeed.'

What is most puzzling about the President's future course is the nature of his preliminary moves. To seek opposition support for specific action in an emergency is one thing; but support for what socially meaningful approach to Latin America could he hope to solicit in private talks with Barry Goldwater, Richard Nixon, Herbert Hoover, and Douglas MacArthur, all of whom he has consulted in addition to Eisenhower and Rockefeller? It is noteworthy that not one of these Republican confidants has had a critical word to say or even a doubt to express. Nor has it escaped notice that the Cuban government's offer to negotiate differences with Washington was left to the gauche handling of a State Department press officer. Hypocritical as the offer probably was, its scornful dismissal appeared to indicate that the Administration has no intention of having any relations with Castro at this point other than those St Patrick would have with a rattlesnake. 'Communism in this hemisphere,' the press officer laid it down as dogma, 'is not negotiable.'

Secretary of State Rusk, who held out against the use of unmarked American planes to cover the rebel landings, has indicated clearly that there will be no further attempt to organise a rebel invasion. Intensifying our present economic embargo would damage us psychologically with the rest of Latin America without badly hurting the Cubans, who would simply transfer all their business to the Soviet bloc. What, then, is left to an Administration fed up with Castro? The answer would seem to be joint action – economic or military – with as many American states as the US can rally to its side.

Here the question is, with what forces can Washington ally itself? If it unites its fortunes with dictatorships of the right, it will succeed only in spawning Castro-style revolutions throughout the hemisphere. Courting the non-Communist left might offer greater reward, but at a price that can hardly have had the tacit approval of Goldwater, Hoover and Company. It is too early to be suspicious, but one should not overlook the possibility that in its dealings with Mr Castro, the Administration may after all be planning no more than to fall back on the face-saving effects of rhetoric and the softening effects of time.

The Agony of Angola

The author has just returned after many years as a missionary in Angola.

Nobody who has lived for even a few days on Portuguese soil can fail to have learned the meaning of *paciencia*. It has become a condition of survival in a land where climate and national character have combined to produce an inertia strangely at variance with the famed intrepidity of the great navigators. In Africa the torrid heat has aggravated this tendency to procrastinate, and nearly 500 years have seen but little sustained effort to implement the traditional policy of racial integration. Yet when the Second World War ended in 1945, Portugal possessed three great assets in the struggle towards peace and harmony between races: the tradition of colour-blindness, the psychological acceptance of a mixed society, and the mechanism of assimilation. Moreover, with the totalitarian structure of the state, the speed of social and political integration was up to the government.

The post-war boom in coffee and other primary products raised the wealth of Portugal to a level never before experienced in this century. Luanda, the capital of Angola, became a magic city, the fairest on the West Coast of Africa. Dozens of settlements and small towns grew up in the interior. The white population, which had numbered only 40,000 in 1940, rose to 79,000 by 1950 and is currently set at about 200,000.

But the post-war boom worked itself out. The price of coffee dropped. Copper was shaky. The fish forsook the southern coastal waters. At the same time, African students began to seek better opportunities in an increasingly competitive market. Not all immigrants accepted the tradition of a non-racial ideal; and though Goans and Cape Verdeans were increasingly employed in government departments, Angolan Africans became frustrated and suspicious.

The political struggle was imported into Angola from Portugal in 1958, during the presidential election, when General Delgado gained widespread support amongst the 55,000 enfranchised citizens. At the same time newly independent African states began to emerge on the continent, giving fresh impulse to the aspirations of Angolan Africans to enter more widely into positions of responsibility, and making them less willing to endure in silence injustice and discrimination. As the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Angola indicated in its recent pastoral letter, disillusionment and poverty are bad counsellors.

Against this background it is not surprising that there should come eventually a revolt. What has surprised many has been the extreme violence and atrocity accompanying it. But this too has its explanation, if not its excuse, in the harshness and cruelty that has been meted out to Africans through the years, the system of forced labour concealed euphemistically by the adjective 'contract', and by the near impossibility of getting justice in the courts.

Many Europeans have died in Angola since 15 March. The world knows this, and has seen some of the pictures of the atrocities. But there are no pictures and little publicity concerning the counter-atrocities, carried out by the armed civilians or *vigilantes* whose terrorism is far more efficient and deadly for being enforced with the weapons of modern warfare – automatic guns and napalm bombs. To kill with knife or panga produces more blood and more violent emotional reactions. The hand-to-hand struggle is more personal and primitive (and needs greater courage), but is it any more heinous than the impersonal and indiscriminate bombing of villages, the hunting of Africans 'like game' and the mass shooting of suspects?

In the African suburbs of Luanda in the days following the uprising, fear and vengeance nightly took their toll when white civilians broke into the homes of innocent people, dragged them into the street and shot them. The police came: but only to carry away the bodies. A brother of the chaffeur of the British Consul, a qualified nurse working in a government hospital, was one such victim. His crime; that he was black – and educated. As an immigrant said recently to a foreign technician, 'Some of these Africans speak better Portuguese than I do.' And it was perfectly clear from the intonation of his voice that to him this was an affront. The present struggle has proved a first-class opportunity for ridding oneself of such challenging competitors.

One case which came to my knowledge concerned a leading African in a village where there was no spontaneous outbreak on 15 March. Disturbed by reports of Europeans having been killed in nearby plantations, he offered his services to the local administrator in the cause of reconciliation. He was pounced on by the local militia and, with other leading men, accused of complicity in the revolt, beaten and shot. Their bodies were thrown into the nearby river. In another case, two young lads were sent by their elders to investigate the smoke rising from a neighbouring village. They found the army burning houses and destroying goods and chattels. The lads were arrested, taken by jeep back to their village and shot as a warning.

A third case: an evangelist was arrested and taken to the local European playground. A group of his parishioners was assembled, but not for worship. 'These are people to whom you preached', came the hard voice, 'but they were deaf, and this is what we do to the deaf.' The guns spoke and the moans of the dying mingled with the echoes.

Deaf! For how long must men remain deaf to the agony of Angola? Rigid censorship has muzzled liberal opinion for more than a generation in Portugal itself. Now that the muzzle is in danger of slipping, a bullet is safer.

The Battle of New Orleans

ANTHONY HOWARD

Next Wednesday is the seventh anniversary of the US Supreme Court's decision that segregation in the state schools was unconstitutional.

Every weekday, from Monday to Friday, a note drops on the news editor's desk of the New Orleans evening paper – the *States Item*. It says simply: 'No change: score 3 – 0 and 10 – 1'. What it means is that in the two desegregated schools of New Orleans (which up to last November had more than 1,000 pupils) there are today, and have been for the last two months, only 14 children. In one of these two schools three Negro girls have the building all to themselves, and in the other ten whites bravely run the risk of contamination at the hands of one little Negro girl aged six.

In its own way New Orleans, the first important city in the Deep South to be dragged into a non-discriminatory 20th century, has probably summed up as well as anything could the present struggle for racial equality in America. On the one hand those who stand against what the White Citizens' Council chooses to call 'the cause of mixed schools and mixed blood' are entitled to claim that nothing significant in practice has changed (most of the white pupils at the two schools concerned have been accommodated in a still segregated neighbouring county): on the other, those Americans who agreed with John Foster Dulles that 'racial discrimination is our greatest national scandal and our most dangerous international liability' can at least point to the fact that a bridgehead has been established, and that it has not yet been thrown back into the Supreme Court's cruel sea.

Not unnaturally, in the moment of international truth, an earnest patriotic effort has been made by the newspapers and television networks of America to explain away New Orleans. They have pointed justifiably to the crassly stupid decision of the New Orleans School Board to begin integration only in areas inhabited by the poor whites – thus giving the luckless, often immigrant, inhabitants of America's Tobacco Road the opportunity of believing that once again they were the victims of malice and class antagonism. They have grasped hold, too, of the fact that the most important religious denomination in the State of Louisiana, the Roman Catholic Church, incongruously behaved here with a craven cowardice – altering its position from an original statement that it would begin parochial schools desegregation 'no later than' the public schools, through 'only when public school integration has been effectively carried out', to its latest quiescent cry that it would move in its own good time 'when it is deemed prudent and advisable.'

Finally, and perhaps most important of all, the American press has been able to point out (with a degree of self-righteous relish) that not only was Louisiana the state of Huey Long, but that also a mere six months ago it elected to Congress Huey Long's brother who was a three-time certified inmate of a lunatic asylum (he died in a story book ending within a week of his victory). All in all, once the seriousness of the 'prestige' damage that had been inflicted was perceived, the American nation has done its best to wash its hands, and look the other way.

Yet no one who has been elsewhere in the Deep South can possibly believe that this is not a course fraught with the most dangerous sort of self-deception. On the face of it New Orleans could scarcely have provided a more favourable ground for the introduction of desegregation to the Deep South. It is a civilised, courteous, cosmopolitan – even Bohemian – city, where for years whites and Negroes have mingled freely in the public library, on the buses, or even occasionally (until 1956) in the city's luxury hotels. It is a far cry, for example, from Birmingham, Alabama, or Jackson, Mississippi. It was, however, here – in the tourist showpiece of the nation with its jazz clubs, its clip joints and its cheerful immorality – that last November the journalists converged to make, from the Battle of New Orleans, a story that shook the world. Why – people at last are beginning to ask – did it all happen?

In part at least the answer conforms to the classic formula of integration in the South. Broadly, in communities where the municipal authorities – or indeed the local newspapers – have assumed any mantle of leadership desegregation has been relatively peaceful and successful. The people in Atlanta, Georgia (which has, in Mayor Hartsfield, perhaps the best civic official in the whole of the US) will probably not care next September, when desegregation starts in their schools, for what they still insistently call 'race-mixing' any more than they do now; but they will at least have had spelled out to them – by the City Hall as well as by the *Atlantic Constitution* – that it is preferable to mob violence or indeed economic stagnation.

A Failure of Local Leadership

New Orleans had neither of these advantages: its four-term mayor – an otherwise attractive and dynamic figure – took refuge in silence until he was put to shame by a statement last December, signed by 105 business and professional men of the city, protesting at what had been allowed to occur; and the city's most famous newspaper – the *Times Picayune* – disappointed its friends, if only by its extremely tardy entry into the arena. And, of course, the state legislature, which meets in Baton Rouge, only 70 miles away, has gone through every antic (not excluding depriving the Negro mothers of illegitimate children of welfare aid) in the political guerrilla warfare book.

Against such a background the ordinary citizen never perhaps had much chance. Nevertheless, even people from whom especially high standards of conduct might have been expected fell sadly by the wayside. A glaring example of this occurred recently at Louisiana State University. There, last November, Professor Waldo McNeir (a native of Louisiana, who for ten years had been Professor of English) took it upon himself to write to his elected representatives in the state legislature to protest at the way in which they were behaving. His answer was prompt and emphatic. The legislature demanded that he be dismissed and immediately set up an Un-American Activities Committee probe into the state of mind prevailing on the campus to which he belonged.

That perhaps was to be expected: what, however, came as a shock was that the President of the University – General Troy Middleton, hero of the Battle of the Bulge and General Patton's right-hand man in the war against totalitarianism in Europe – should at once have disclaimed what Professor McNeir had done. Declaring it 'detrimental to the best interests of the university', and adding the blanket statement that 'a member of the university family who cannot act in the best interest of the university becomes both a handicap and a burden to the organisation he serves' he invited McNeir's resignation. Two months later – after only 162 out of 750 members of the faculty staff had protested against the President's attitude – Professor McNeir took the only dignified course: he resigned.

In a certain sense, riding in the wake of the desegregation crisis in the South, has come a new version of McCarthyism. Indeed the most familiar plaintive cry among civilised people in the southern states today is that 'the real tragedy that has occurred is the effective silencing of all those of us who hold moderate views'.

It is easy to remember the headmaster of a highly expensive private school in Alabama who, when asked about his pupils' views on integration, quickly replied: 'That is something I never discuss with them'; and it is difficult to forget the President of the United Churchwomen of Mississippi who shamefacedly confessed: 'If I were to say anything publicly, it would destroy all the good that we try to do'. But the situation goes even beyond that. If Ralph McGill – the publisher and columnist of the *Atlanta Constitution* – writes today principally on international affairs it is probably as much because he has a sense for the diplomatic as an interest in diplomacy; and if Harry Ashmore – the former editor of the previously brave and Pulitzer Prize-winning *Arkansas Gazette* – lives today in California working as an editor for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, it is hard to believe that it is just because he likes the climate.

How will it all end? The answer need not perhaps be entirely gloomy. In certain cities great strides have already been made. In Memphis, Tennessee (which is only ten miles from the Mississippi border) the highly sophisticated leaders of the Negro community are already doing hard-headed political business with their former principal antagonists: they are doing it – to the outrage of the Lady Bountiful white 'liberals' in the city – because (in their own words) 'the old type political boss has a better understanding of the political facts of life than any bazaar-opening president of the YMCA – a political professional knows what 35 per cent of the city vote means'.

If Memphis could blaze at least one trail – that of the ballot box – another hopeful path belongs to the younger generation. The director of the women's division and youth activities of the White Citizens' Council of Mississippi reported recently – in a tone in which rage and incredulity were about equally mixed – that she had attended a youth congress in the state and had perceived 'some danger signs'. The signs that had alarmed her might to an outsider have seemed innocuous enough; but they included a successful resolution for the abolition of the poll-tax, a unanimously passed motion taking the Governor to task for his refusal to proclaim United Nations Day, and a demand for the teaching of the US Constitution in every high school in the state, and in Mississippi they were revolutionary indeed.

Thirdly, there is industrial prosperity. It is an illusion today to think of the South as an

aged and mellow world in which gesturing gentlemen move soft-spokenly against a background of azaleas and rose bushes, and where lovely but headstrong ladies parade that exquisite remoteness which is the dream of all men and the possession of none.

Ever since the war the South has been the most rapidly expanding industrial region of the US. By and large, its cities have very creditably kept pace with this development: a municipal auditorium like that now possessed by Greensboro in North Carolina would be the envy of any similarly-sized city in the United Kingdom. Yet in the past couple of years the South has learned that there can be a fly even in this soothing industrial ointment.

A month or so ago Little Rock announced proudly that it had attracted a new industry – a major pump-manufacturing firm. What the statement from the Little Rock Industrial Development Corporation did not reveal was that it was the first new industry to have come to the city since its 'time of troubles' in 1957, and that the firm concerned – Jacuzzie's – had been induced to make the venture only because the local chamber of commerce had agreed to pass round the hat among its members and raise $160,000 to provide it with a free site. Business men in the South, at any rate in some places, have at last come to realise that the choice is no longer a social one between segregation and integration; rather is it an economic decision between paddling a lonely, primitive canoe and keeping an industrial dreadnought afloat.

New Men in the South

Linked to this aspect is the new leadership which is now beginning to rise in the southern states. For years, of course, the South has had its liberal dissenters – men like Hodding Carter, the publisher of the *Delta Democrat Times* or even P. D. East, the satirical editor of the one-man Hattiesburg fortnightly – the *Petal Paper*. But the fact that the New York publishing houses and the national magazines have rolled out the red carpet for them, has tended to pull their own native mat from beneath their feet. In a sense they have been forced to barter for national fame any local influence they might have had.

The new men of the South will not have this problem – for the most part they are neither outstandingly talented nor especially courageous. They simply see clearly enough to be able to recognise reality; and although few, if any, of them would stand up and make a case for integration, they are prepared to say that it is better to have a sprinkling of Negro children in the schools than to have no schools at all. They are also, in some cases, genuinely concerned about the general blurring of the border between legality and illegality which has taken place in the South, and the erosion of the line which separates mob violence from state law.

Typical, perhaps, of these latter day Justinians is Mr John Sibley, a legally-trained pluralist Atlanta company director, who more than anyone else is probably responsible for inducing both the Governor and Legislature of Georgia to perform in these past few months a none too nimble political somersault. As a result of Mr Sibley's efforts, and of those of a commission over which he presided, national 'massive resistance' in Georgia looks as if it has gone the way of international 'massive retaliation'; and although there almost certainly will not be co-habitation, there may at least be co-existence.

Men like Sibley, of course, face some sort of indictment for not having stood up earlier. Almost universally it has required an imminent crisis to produce disguised liberal organisations like Save Our Schools (SOS) or Help Our Public Education (HOPE); and too often these have melted away as soon as the threat evaporated. Yet the path of the solution-seeker in the South has been a treacherous one, and it is hard to blame individuals for walking it gingerly. Sibley himself maintains that had he come out for open public schools in 1958 (as his friends wanted him to do) he would have dissipated his influence and not been able to turn the trick which he did in 1960.

Tactically it is undeniable that one false step or even error in timing can be fatal in the South today. Shortly after the Sammy Davis-Mai Britt wedding, for example, an extremely worthy Anglican group (the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity) came out with the statement that there was nothing theologically or morally wrong with a mixed marriage. Immediately it converted itself into a kind of St Sebastian: every conceivable type of verbal missile was hurled at it including a kitchen-sink allegation from the Bishop of West Virginia (which practically wrecked the organisation) that he knew for a fact that one of its leaders was a card-carrying Communist (a charge that he later had to retract, though without any form of apology). The trouble with this type of incident is that it has the effect of encouraging more timid souls to salve their consciences. 'See', they mutter to themselves comfortingly, 'it doesn't do any good to get too far out in front' – and prepare to sit back. The new 'moderate' leadership emerging in the South is certainly a welcome factor; but, by its very nature, it will perhaps only really be driven to act when the chips are down and chaos is round the corner.

Any form of decisive initiative almost certainly has to come from the federal government. The debate will probably continue to rage about whether, if the amiable but indolent Eisenhower had ever said one word conveying that the executive branch (which, after all, is only one limb of the three-pronged American political system) backed up the Supreme Court in its desegregation decision, there would today, seven years later, still be complete school segregation in Alabama, Mississippi, and South Carolina.

Kennedy's Full Support

President Kennedy, however, has made it clear from the time of his entry into office, and indeed in the campaign before that, that the whole moral authority of the Presidency is now behind the Supreme Court decision.

Up till now the local federal district judges (exemplified by the man who has become the conscience of New Orleans – Louisiana-born Judge J. Skelly Wright) have had to bear an intolerable burden. Even the best judge, like Mr Skelly Wright, has his limitations: he can forbid unconstitutional behaviour, like the maintenance in defiance of the law of segregated schools, but he can scarcely compel 1,000 or so parents to send their children to a particular school.

Nor, of course, can a President of the United States. But he can at least hint – if necessary, none too gently – to elected state officers that if they in the future sign their names to advertisements urging parents to refrain from sending their children to integrated schools, they need not, when the time comes, look for any assistance from Washington for state projects – whether for highways, airports, or even, if it comes to the crunch, for the relief of flood disaster. If President Eisenhower had had an assistant like Mr Theodore Sorensen and had sent him last October to pay a superficially polite call on the psalm-singing Governor of Louisiana, it is open to doubt whether the responsible state authorities would have tried no less than five times brazenly to defy the law of the land.

The Beginning of the End?

But, as it is, after only four months of the Kennedy administration, the picture in New Orleans at least is clearly changing. At the end of March for the first time in five months the Louisiana legislature acknowledged the existence of the popularly elected New Orleans School Board – which, probably against its will, has been driven into a virtual alliance with the federal government and the Supreme Court. After a whole day of heart-searching the appropriate legislative committee agreed to send to the School Board a form on which it could make out its budget requirements for 1961-2. Trifling as that concession may seem, against the back-cloth of events in New Orleans since November 1960, it was a revolutionary development; and it may indeed have marked – after all the frenetic efforts of the legislature to depose the Board and dismiss its employed schools superintendent – the beginning of the end for the segregationists.

If it did, it will, of course, be only one battle won – and there will certainly be many more. Until now the score in the South does not seem to be very much more than even. If the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People has managed to get its foot in the door, the White Citizens Councils – and their silent, intimidated co-belligerents – have successfully contrived to imprint on that foot the brand of 'subversive agitator'. The degree of the victory which the South has won over formal Negro organisation should not be under-estimated. It can be seen in Montgomery, where five years after the bus boycott the organisational structure which Dr Martin Luther King left behind has been beaten virtually into the ground; and even in Memphis Negro candidates running for city offices last year found it necessary to disclaim the support of the NAACP.

Not the least astute – and successful – move made in the defence of 'the southern way of life' has been the deliberate decision to equate the NAACP on one side with the Ku Klux Klan on the other, and to pretend that the only worth-while discussion that can be conducted lies between the way-of-life-defending Citizens' Councils and the decaying Uncle Toms of the Negro Urban League.

The general picture, in fact, is probably less cheerful below the surface than it looks at a casual glance from above. Clearly Negro students have won considerable concessions – especially by the 'sit-ins' and the economic boycotts that have gone along with them. One can also call an impressive roll of states – mainly, though, border ones – that have accepted at least token integration. And no one today pretends – as one could with justice do in 1945 – that there is a serious analogy between the southern states and South Africa.

Nevertheless the present climate of race relations in at any rate the kernel of the old Confederacy is one which permits a liberally-minded psychologist to comment: 'With the increase of legal desegregation in the schools we may actually be further away from real racial integration than we have ever been before.' There are genuinely liberal-minded

people in the southern states who seriously believe that, as a result of what they have seen occur, the Supreme Court did make a mistake – if only because it acted prematurely, and without any form of preparation or indeed phased planning for the future. It is not, after all, much good declaring the public schools open to all races if, in Mississippi at least, a Negro student who tries to enrol in the Southern Mississippi College is first of all carted off to the lunatic asylum, then heavily fined for driving without a licence and possessing whisky, and finally – to crown the edifice and complete the warning – sentenced to the maximum of seven years imprisonment for 'arranging' the theft of five bags of chicken feed.

But, of course, all this is really an argument against the follow-through rather than the decision. And it is here that one must look for progress and hope for rapid development. 'Kennedy', says a beleaguered, isolated, pro-integrationist priest in New Orleans, 'is our only hope'. It is a tribute that should perhaps touch the heart even of a President of the United States: especially when it is reinforced (and the priest is a Jesuit) by the shrewd comment: 'You know our greatest national weakness is not any nonsense like the Missile Gap; it's a gap, yes – but it's the gap between our public profession and our private practice.'

Budapest Diary

CHARON

How far can you judge a country and a regime by a week-end? I do not know. I can only say – in spite of some scepticism from bloody-minded colleagues in London – that, after a Saturday till Tuesday in Budapest, I am personally convinced that the present Hungarian government – despite the past – is now displaying a mixture of firmness and tolerance unique in the history of Communism. The point of departure that somehow seemed to me most characteristic was a trades union House of Culture of which there are some 20 in the two million population city. I entered it with some qualms, fearing it would prove heavy going. Not so. Being devised primarily for the younger workers, part of its social base was a gigantic dance hall; amateur orchestra playing good swing music of an animated variety; young Hungarians jiving cheerfully. The only regulation here seemed to be that girls under 18 must be accompanied by a mother or sister or friend. The director of this institute was a middle-aged man, former metal worker, who might have doubled for Georges Carpentier. Classes and lectures and concerts laid on covered Modigliani and a Vivaldi-Bach Concerto.

★ ★ ★

People spoke a bit more freely than I expected. The middle classes were inclined to be very cagey about politics. They would tell you that life was completely different now to what it had been around 1956. Working-class men with whom I managed to carry on stammering conversations in my indifferent German were comparatively outspoken. A taxi-driver on whom I tried the 'Life is very good here?' gambit answered: 'Very good, no. Good, yes. But not enough money yet. Hope to get more.' A young girl law student told me: 'Objectively one cannot possibly have any grounds for complaint against the students' life here in Budapest.' What her subjective complaints may have been I don't know. Judging by her looks, she might well have been a disturbing factor in any number of male psyches.

★ ★ ★

A visit to the 'Ikarus' factory on the outskirts of Budapest which turns out 2,000 buses a year. Working conditions good. Up to best British factory standards. (Director mildly sceptical when we assured him that we did have equal welfare facilities in some British factories.) Canteen excellent. Meals for about ninepence. You can't compare economic rates without elaborate statistical correlation, but judging as best we could, we decided the ninepenny meal was about the equivalent of a 2s. 3d. British factory canteen dinner; cooking almost certainly much superior. Workers seemed, like most people I saw, curiously casual and relaxed. They took not the slightest notice of us.

★ ★ ★

Dancing was always a Hungarian characteristic. The present regime is strongly in favour of it. Both the Prime Minister and the Minister of Justice are so addicted to it that they remind you, almost, of the Italian superstition about the tarantula's bite. At the less formal kind of 'do' either of them is likely to start to dance as soon as he gets an opportunity. The night-boxes I went into were clean, gay and on the whole remarkably cheap. One or two of the managers, relics from the old regime, complained of the senselessness of not being able to run a night-club for profit. They seemed, however, reasonably contented with their strange lot.

The late Lord Rothermere, you may remember, who was always taking off his hat to Hungary in the Twenties, used to have ambitions to become its King. My own nominee for the King of Budapest is Macbeth who, as you will remember, 'hath murdered sleep'.

★ ★ ★

Verdi's *Macbeth* was being very far from murdered by the Budapest opera. They gave a really magnificent performance of this not at all easy work. The direction was masterly. There were beautifully grouped, elaborate crowd scenes with ingenious effects to accentuate feudal panoply. The audience was wildly enthusiastic and broke out several times into the slow rhythmical handclap which is a sign of special approval. The young Italian guest conductor got a terrific ovation.

This was Sunday night at the Opera. In the morning we had seen another display of Hungarian musical enthusiasm from a lot of young and I should not think particularly religious men and women who were standing around in the Buda Coronation Church listening to the choir. Mass for the devout was being celebrated with, incidentally, some of the most elaborate vestments I have ever seen. There is a tie-up here between government and church. The government lends the State Orchestra to the Cathedral. In a chapel not far away, just by the old Austrian gate, a very severe looking Lutheran pastor was exhorting his flock – in German. We calculated that he had been at them already for 80 minutes.

★ ★ ★

Back to London – and the same row about the Blake case still going on as if I'd never been away. I know little about the security services apart from Osbert Lancaster's cartoons. But a friend of mine who travels daily to London on a first-class ticket tells me (significantly) that he often finds himself in the same compartment with three people: a smartly-dressed woman of middle age; a tall, rather distinguished-looking, not untough man of around 40; and a quiet, rather academic-looking man in a dark suit, who might be a civil servant or a business man. They get in at different stations along the line, but all know each other and all clearly work in the same organisation. The very first morning my friend saw them, the woman and the tough man were sitting down next to each other and poring over the *Daily Telegraph*. The man was heard to murmur not so very softly more than once: 'He's Moscow-trained'. He seemed to apply this label to almost every name in the newspaper, excepting, no doubt, Peter Simple the columnist. One morning the train stopped just before entering the London terminus. In the ensuing silence the woman said: 'Of course, it would be mighty convenient for some of us if the War Office were shifted to X.' (X being my friend's local county town.) My friend also knows by now the name of the tough, distinguished-looking 40-year-old and claims it to be perfectly clear that all three work for MI5. They display about as much sense of security as the Sheriff of Nottingham in the TV Robin Hood.

★ ★ ★

It's well known, of course, that a lot of real-life intelligence work is quite as extravagantly farcical as Compton Mackenzie's delicious novel, one of his very funniest, *Water on the Brain*. What I did not know until Sir Compton told me himself this week is that the Americans appear to take *Water on the Brain* dead seriously. During the war the Office of Strategic Services tried to order 100 copies of *Water on the Brain*. It was out of print. They therefore took the trouble to make 100 photostat copies of every page of the publisher's file copy. The only possible conclusion is that they needed them for intelligence purposes. Perhaps, when you consider the ludicrous resemblance which the book bears to reality, or to part of it, they were not so wide of the mark.

★ ★ ★

I am very glad to see Robin Maugham's book *The Slaves of Timbuktu*, of which a review appears on another page, get off to such a flying start. This was a distinctly worthwhile exploit that must have needed courage. I'm specially horrified by two particular incidents Maugham describes. One is that ghastly interview which he had at the Foreign Office in London with a high-up official who made it more than plain that he, at any rate, was utterly opposed to any investigation or showing up of slavery in the Arab countries with which Britain is particularly concerned. The other was the account which Maugham quotes of American pilots and air crews flying child-slaves from the Buraimi Oasis to Riyadh in Saudi Arabia.

★ ★ ★

The British left will miss Howard Samuel. He was a good friend and counsellor to *Tribune*, and in recent years had rivalled Victor Gollancz as a publisher of serious radical literature. Some of our best young writers, such as Doris Lessing and Colin MacInnes, got his vigorous backing. Howard Samuel was not exactly a happy man for one simple reason: he was an emotional Socialist with an exceptional talent for making money through the capitalist system. This confronted him with a dilemma he was never able to resolve. Should he give his money away, or

AEI

WORLD ELECTRICAL
NEWS IN PICTURES - 14

In the land of brown coal

Problem: *how to make brown coal—'young' coal that is two thirds water—into an efficient fuel for a giant power station?*
Answer: dry the coal with its own heat by first passing it through hot gases from the furnaces it feeds.

This is the process used in Australia's largest power station—Yallourn, in Victoria. Built on continuous deposits of brown coal, which is only about 40 feet below the surface, Yallourn has made Victoria self-supporting in power. With its neighbouring stations at Morwell and Hazelwood, it will form the greatest centre of electric power in the Southern Hemisphere. The first turbine-generators to send out power from this brown coalfield were supplied by AEI. The 14 sets now installed generate 285 MW. Today larger sets are being built which are more efficient and cut building and other capital costs. Four AEI sets on order will increase the power output from the brown coalfields by 640 MW.

NEW TOWERS OF LONDON

London has three new landmarks: the huge Shell building on the South Bank, the Carlton Tower Hotel and now the Millbank development. The rising Millbank tower will have 34 storeys and be London's tallest building—22 feet higher than St. Paul's.

From AEI:- Emergency lighting for the Carlton Tower.
Miles of cable for the Millbank tower.
25,000 Mazda Kolor-rite fluorescent tubes and 12,000 fittings for the Shell building—one of the largest office lighting contracts ever placed with one company.

AEI Associated Electrical Industries Ltd

should he use it to promote Socialist causes? Ironically enough, he went into publishing in order to subsidise progressive authors, but within a few years his aptitude for business had already placed his firm on a sound financial footing. He knew he had the Midas touch, and it worried him. Nevertheless, he got a lot of quiet fun out of being the *enfant terrible* of millionaires. One of his latest plans was to buy a yacht and take a group of left-wing Socialists on a Mediterranean cruise. My favourite image of Howard is seeing him, in a first-class compartment on a businessman's special, reading the *Financial Times* and the *Daily Worker* – and cheerfully inattentive to the puzzled apoplexy around him.

* * *

I recall adding my mite to the pile that Socialists all over the world collected when Harold Laski had to pay the huge costs of his libel action. It was a way of paying off our debt to the articulate little professor. I shall give just as thankfully to the fund that the Labour movement is now raising as a memorial to Nye Bevan – not least because Nye, always a believer in the good life, would have approved the plan to build a social centre in London. In principle, an excellent idea. But it must be done on a scale that matches Nye's own warm grandeur, and that means imagination in raising the money and in spending it. Perhaps Transport House should put someone on the double job of getting money and drawing in the talented people – artists, architects and designers – who could make this an outstanding success. The obvious candidate? Why not Anthony Wedgwood Benn?

* * *

This Saturday's – 13 May – recital at the Wigmore Hall in aid of Christian Action by Wilfred Brown and John Williams should be of special interest to guitar enthusiasts. John Williams was taught the guitar by his father and is Segovia's foremost pupil. I am especially looking forward to his solos which, in this programme, include Bach, Scarlatti and Mozart, as well as Villa-lobos and Albeniz.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The Christian Fellowship Centre in Belfast has sent a message to the Queen in Rome asking her to cancel her appointment with the Pope.

The message, signed by William McGrath, general secretary, reads: 'We plead with Your Majesty even at this late hour to cancel your appointment with the Pope and thereby take the first step towards clearing away the satanic influences that surrounds the Throne of this Realm.' – *Belfast Telegraph.* (Anne Robinson.)

Some distinctive mark should be put on the covers of paperbacks which do not contain bad language or directly pander to sex and violence.

There are so few such books on sale nowadays on our bookstalls that an attempt to find them can be fraught with moral danger. – Letter in *Evening Standard.* (A. C. Hurley.)

We told you on Tuesday of the Queen's preference for large table napkins.

Today we report Princess Margaret's preference for tiny knives and forks.

For when the Princess eats at Kensington Palace, specially small tableware is laid for her. She uses a cheese knife for a dinner knife, and tea-forks as dessert forks. – *Daily Sketch.* (R. V. Nash.)

Privacy

C. H. ROLPH

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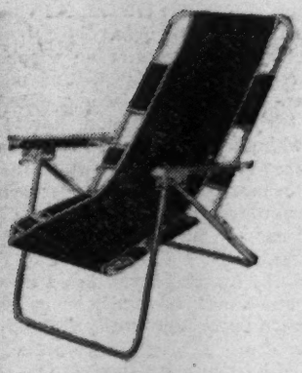

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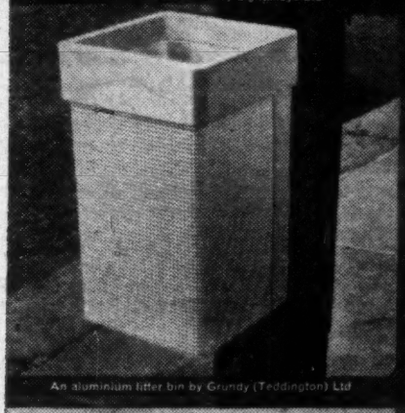

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should he use it to promote Socialist causes? Ironically enough, he went into publishing in order to subsidise progressive authors, but within a few years his aptitude for business had already placed his firm on a sound financial footing. He knew he had the Midas touch, and it worried him. Nevertheless, he got a lot of quiet fun out of being the *enfant terrible* of millionaires. One of his latest plans was to buy a yacht and take a group of left-wing Socialists on a Mediterranean cruise. My favourite image of Howard is seeing him, in a first-class compartment on a business-man's special, reading the *Financial Times* and the *Daily Worker* – and cheerfully inattentive to the puzzled apoplexy around him.

* * *

I recall adding my mite to the pile that Socialists all over the world collected when Harold Laski had to pay the huge costs of his libel action. It was a way of paying off our debt to the articulate little professor. I shall give just as thankfully to the fund that the Labour movement is now raising as a memorial to Nye Bevan – not least because Nye, always a believer in the good life, would have approved the plan to build a social centre in London. In principle, an excellent idea. But it must be done on a scale that matches Nye's own warm grandeur, and that means imagination in raising the money and in spending it. Perhaps Transport House should put someone on the double job of getting money and drawing in the talented people – artists, architects and designers – who could make this an outstanding success. The obvious candidate? Why not Anthony Wedgwood Benn?

* * *

This Saturday's – 13 May – recital at the Wigmore Hall in aid of Christian Action by Wilfred Brown and John Williams should be of special interest to guitar enthusiasts. John Williams was taught the guitar by his father and is Segovia's foremost pupil. I am especially looking forward to his solos which, in this programme, include Bach, Scarlatti and Mozart, as well as Villa-lobos and Albeniz.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The Christian Fellowship Centre in Belfast has sent a message to the Queen in Rome asking her to cancel her appointment with the Pope.

The message, signed by William McGrath, general secretary, reads: 'We plead with Your Majesty even at this late hour to cancel your appointment with the Pope and thereby take the first step towards clearing away the satanic influences that surrounds the Throne of this Realm.' – *Belfast Telegraph*. (Anne Robinson.)

Some distinctive mark should be put on the covers of paperbacks which do not contain bad language or directly pander to sex and violence.

There are so few such books on sale nowadays on our bookstalls that an attempt to find them can be fraught with moral danger. – Letter in *Evening Standard*. (A. C. Hurley.)

We told you on Tuesday of the Queen's preference for large table napkins.

Today we report Princess Margaret's preference for tiny knives and forks.

For when the Princess eats at Kensington Palace, specially small tableware is laid for her. She uses a cheese knife for a dinner knife, and tea-forks as dessert forks. – *Daily Sketch*. (R. V. Nash.)

Privacy

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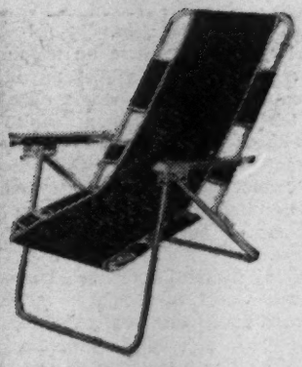

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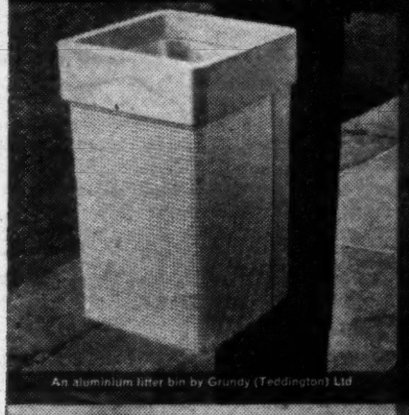

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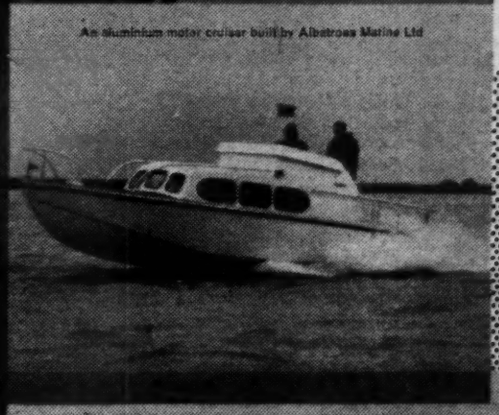

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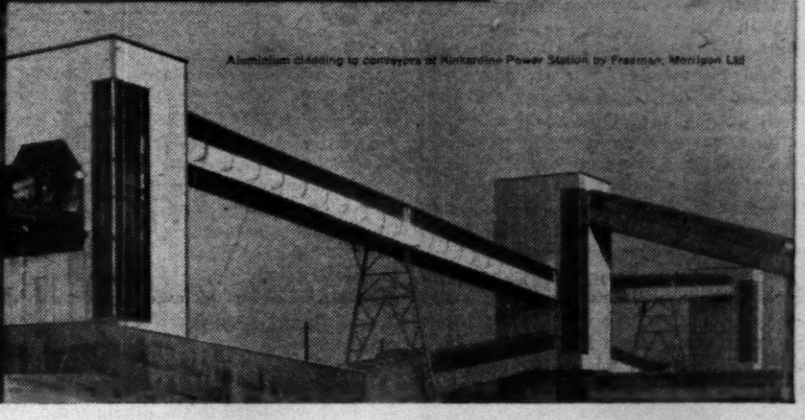

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censure. But on the question of intrusion it seems to have a blind spot. 'To intrude,' said its 1958 report, 'is to *force* oneself upon others without invitation, permission, or welcome. Is this a habit of the press?' Of course it is. And the idea that it is normal and in some way even praiseworthy is fostered by all fictional and many autobiographical versions of pressmen at work, a perfect example being the recent ATV television series *Deadline Midnight*.

Perhaps, if there were no telephones, the answer to Sir Linton's question might be a hesitant No; but many people, once ensnared in a telephone conversation, fear to break it off without some effort to ensure factual accuracy in a press report which they believe they cannot prevent. Is that 'consent', either in the ordinary or in the legal sense? It looks as if consent may soon be an archaic legal concept.

On 6 March last, the United States Supreme Court ruled that a man's privacy had been unconstitutionally violated when the police drove a 'needle microphone' into the wall of his house and then sat in a room next door listening to his unlawful gaming party. I am told that it is not impossible, and may soon be practicable, for one of these 'spikes' to relay its discoveries direct to a police station miles away, where the policemen can sit around listening in comfort. What are the chances that, if a criminal prosecution based on evidence so obtained came before one of our judges, he would feel as Lord Denning does about the judicial power to legislate, to 'produce a remedy' where parliament has failed? Our judges have never shown the disposition of the American courts to reject evidence obtained (for example) by the illegal search of premises without a warrant.

I hope the government will now refer the privacy question to the Lord Chancellor's permanent Law Reform Committee, rather than to the Royal Commission on the Press. If the weight of legal opinion then holds that privacy is indeed something that the law can neither define nor protect, the time will have come, perhaps, to set up a national 'communications board', elective and widely based, to protect the residual rights that are plain at least to non-legal minds.

After the Exodus

URSULA WASSERMANN

The *Exodus* crew had left. The boys sighed for Eve Marie-Sainte and the girls still cast an occasional tearful glance at Paul Newman's much autographed portraits, but on the whole everybody was glad that the town was again its own peaceful and slightly sleepy self. Hotel rooms, which during the shooting could not be had for love or money – not even the love of Lee Cobb or the money of Otto Preminger – were once again a dime a dozen and the waiters, who had contemptuously disregarded the local population, once again realised that tips in local currency were not to be sneered at.

We checked in at the town's leading hotel, which had regained its normal composure, and went up to the Carmel for dinner. Dinner was followed by a party, not of American movie stars, but of a cross-section of natives whose conversation centred on Rafi Levi, Israel's leading footballer, being tempted by the flesh-pots of South Africa. South Africa of all places, somebody remarked, with several others nodding assent. Don't we have enough troubles without getting mixed up in *apartheid*? Still it isn't Rafi's fault, somebody else intervened. He's been wanting to become a member of a bus co-op for years past, and if they won't have him, how is he to keep his status as an amateur and earn a living at the same time? The youngsters had all gone to watch what was to be his last game, under a star-studded sky, and somebody turned on the wireless, where the announcer had already worked himself into the usual frenzy that seems to accompany sports reporting.

It was around midnight when we got back to town. We parked the car only to find the front entrance to the hotel blocked by police. We were directed to the back entrance. In the kitchen quarters, somebody checked our identity and asked us whether we carried arms or explosives. We don't as a rule when we dine on the Carmel, but I opened my handbag just to put them at ease. After it had been established that we were legitimate guests, we were allowed to proceed to the lobby, where more policemen shooed us upstairs.

A number of fellow-guests were leaning across the banister of the main staircase; but the lobby itself was entirely empty, except for police with sub-machine guns and a curious array of mattresses which was arranged about the walls dividing the lobby into sections. Speculation was rife among the guests.

Suddenly a whistle blew outside and a car swerved and screeched to a halt. Within seconds, two men in civilian clothes were pushed through the revolving doors, followed by a police officer. The older of the two men raced half-way across the lobby and took cover behind a mattress; the second man jumped to seek protection behind some upholstery near the door which led to the bar. The elderly man then left his mattress and crouched behind a pillar oddly decorated with couch-covers. Nobody else moved. You could have heard a pin drop. When both men had reached the bottom of the staircase, cordoned off by more police, the police officer escorting them made his way carefully along the walls, from mattress to mattress, and gave an order to have the stairs cleared. The two men were escorted upstairs.

After a while, we ventured down and persuaded the bartender to re-open the bar despite the late hour. We were soon joined by a few odd guests, a number of the night staff and a policeman, who leaned his gun against the door which led to the dining room. What was all that about? – everybody asked at once. The older man, someone professed to know, was a leading West German politician; he was the minister responsible for the *Wirtschaftswunder*, someone else knew for certain, who had come to Israel under official auspices but wished to remain incognito. However, he had been recognised while disembarking and both he and his secretary had been in danger of their lives ever since. The policeman remained silent.

'He's a handsome man', an elderly woman remarked.

'Handsome, my foot', the barman shouted; 'How can a Nazi be handsome?'

'Who says he's a Nazi?' the woman retorted.

'They all are,' the barman countered.

'We are responsible for his safety,' the policeman remarked.

'Where did you keep him all day?' one of the bell-boys asked.

The policeman shrugged his shoulders.

'They took him to watch Rafi Levi,' somebody kidded.

'Shut up', the policeman said, who was obviously an admirer of Rafi's. 'We had to get him here before the crowds came pouring back from the stadium.'

'Those barricades?', somebody wondered.

'Protection against bullets', the policeman explained, ordering a beer.

'You pay for it, buddy,' the barman told him. 'This ain't Germany, see?'

'I ain't German either,' the policeman protested.

'Just fraternising, eh?' the barman teased. 'Protect them, my eye; send them back where they came from, but don't put them up in my hotel. Drink up, now ladies and gentlemen, I am closing shop.'

The next morning we breakfasted in our room and later went down to the lobby. It looked immaculate. We asked the chief clerk, whom we knew, about the events of the night before. He professed total ignorance. We then asked the barman. The same blank-faced ignorance. Moreover, he reminded us stonily, the bar was closed until noon.

We decided to check out. All the way back to Tel Aviv, we asked each other what had really happened. We tuned in to the news. There was a full account of Rafi Levi's star-lit game, but not a mention of the events at the hotel. Did we dream it all, we wondered? And if so, is there such a thing as a collective dream?

We still don't know. And that's the truth.

Correspondence

STRIKES IN THE SCHOOLS

SIR, – The background to the strike of Scottish teachers is not nearly so simple as you suggest in your comment in the issue of 5 May. Unrest in the profession has been growing steadily over the past few years, occasioned by deplorable conditions of service, poor salaries, and a continuing deterioration of professional standards due to the lowering of entrance qualifications to the profession, and the ever-increasing employment of unqualified persons in the classroom. Conditions have been particularly bad in Glasgow and the west, and resentment there correspondingly great.

The climax came towards the end of last year when it was revealed that a confidential memorandum of the Scottish Education Department on the training of teachers had suggested the reintroduction of non-graduate men teachers of general subjects – a plain threat that the Department hoped to solve the teacher shortage cheaply by the introduction of dilutees. This, combined with the realisation of what the government were prepared to do to fill the ranks of the police, produced a wrathful explosion in Glasgow. Glasgow teachers spontaneously demanded strike action if the Secretary of State did not by 1 May withdraw the hated dilutionary proposals, and if a reasonable salary increase were not negotiated.

This Glasgow initiative was taken up with enthusiasm throughout the whole country, and has produced a measure of unity among the three professional organizations such as seemed impossible before this crisis. The fact that the Secretary of State has since rejected a freely negotiated salary award, has only confirmed Scottish teachers in their belief that the Secretary of State, and behind him the government, have no intention of facing up realistically to the

This is the hydro-refining plant at the City of Steel. It makes pure benzene from coke oven crude benzole. Benzene and its associated aromatics, toluene, xylene and naphthas are vital raw materials for Britain's expanding chemical industry—for instance, six gallons of benzene will make one thousand pairs of nylon stockings. In 1960 one company used about eight million gallons to make nylon. Since 1949 the annual U.K. production of benzene from coke ovens has increased more than sevenfold, from 6.2 to 47.1 million gallons in 1960. The Port Talbot Chemical Co. Ltd., formed jointly by the Lincolnshire Chemical Co. Ltd. and The Steel Company of Wales, opened the City of Steel plant, the first of its kind in Britain, in October last year. Much of its operation is automatic and the products emerge with 99.7% purity.

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NEW PLANT MAKES BETTER BENZENE FOR BRITAIN'S CHEMICAL INDUSTRY

To make iron for steelmaking, coke is needed—in huge quantities. At the City of Steel the coke ovens produce coke from raw coal. Among the by-products is crude benzole. This has always been a vital material for the chemical industry.

The most efficient way of making benzene from crude benzole is by hydro-refining. This results in a purer product and avoids high processing losses and the effluent problem normally associated with crude benzole plants.

Hitherto, Britain has had no hydro-refining plant to refine the crude benzole from coke ovens. For this reason The Steel Company of Wales welcomed an approach by the Lincolnshire Chemical Co. Ltd. to form jointly The Port Talbot Chemical Co. Ltd. and to build a hydro-refining plant for handling the crude benzole from the Steel Division coke ovens.

This plant is now in operation at Port Talbot and is supplying Britain's chemical industry with the purest available benzene and its associated aromatics, toluene, xylene and naphthas. These are the chemicals that are used for nylon, all kinds of plastics, dyes and inks, paints and varnishes, enamels and lacquers, insecticides, drugs, flavourings, preservatives, motor fuel, penicillin and perfume. There is scarcely any aspect of modern life where these things do not have a place.

And they all may begin at the City of Steel.

THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED

This is Broadsheet No. 24 from the City of Steel

problems of Scottish education. On the crucial issue of dilution, an issue to which Scottish teachers attach more importance than to anything else, the Secretary of State continues to hedge.

The strike is so far confined to Glasgow, but this first strike is only the beginning of what may be a long fight in defence of the status and professional standards of Scottish teachers.

HARRY MILNE

16 North Park Terrace
Edinburgh

SIR, – The men of the National Association of Schoolmasters do not have the wish, imputed to them by the NUT and NEW STATESMAN, to 'reverse the equal pay commitment', but do demand, regardless of the salaries consequently enjoyed by women teachers, that their own remuneration be adjusted.

The unique preclusion for schoolmasters in this respect is that they are hopelessly outnumbered by women. The NAS has resisted the introduction of equal pay without safeguards to avoid the effective scaling down of their salaries to those of women prior to equal pay.

I list some reasons for the excellent recruitment by the NAS from the NUT and particularly from students in Training Colleges:

(1) NAS speaks for a 'majority of schoolmasters' who are aware that they are paid a minimum assessed as satisfactory to women but not to men. Sex discrimination is now involved in the assessment but not in the payment of teachers.

(2) The urgent needs of a body of underpaid schoolmasters are likely to precipitate action by that body.

(3) Apart from salaries, the conviction that disastrous policies, leading to large classes and harassed teachers unalleviated by unqualified, shifting, or part time substitutes, will be eliminated only when teachers control student entry and have some voice in administration. Many of us are parents who see little hope for improvement for our own children if we are to depend on the ever-compromising NUT.

We are not uplifted by your comment that family needs *should* be met through taxation and the social services: as family men we are too aware that they are not, and that neither wishing nor our choice of present political alternatives will make it so.

Much could be quoted from your past issues concerning social trends which operate against the family, but this I leave to other NAS colleagues who are, strangely, readers of the NEW STATESMAN and yet by your implication, the more conservative male teachers.

D. G. NEWMAN

153 Bromley Road, SE6

SIR, – When defending my membership of the National Association of Schoolmasters I am conscious of sailing perilously close to the wind of irrationality and entrenched anti-feminism. I do remember, however, being profoundly influenced by the financial plight of the male teacher who is married, and has children; and sickened by the NUT's parrot-like, 'Equal pay for equal work'.

Whether the greater domestic responsibilities are offset by the present taxation system and family allowances is debatable. I agree, however, this is not a matter for unions but politics. At the moment one can virtually discount any hope in this field.

One consequence of equal pay has been the relative attractiveness of teaching for women and its unattractiveness for men. This will lead to eventual complete domination of the primary schools by women; and provide the local education authorities and the government with stronger (though misguided) reasons for refusing any real increases in the basic salary. Dr Alexander, Chairman of the LEA's Education Committee, expressed near-panic at the thought of a spinster teacher in Derbyshire, taking only 20 children in her class, earning over £1,000.

No doubt the Associations of lecturers, grammar school, and technical teachers will be able to protect themselves by emphasising the differentials. The male teacher on the basic will gradually disappear, either by resignation or by joining into the vicious in-fighting of securing responsibility allowances.

R. J. COOPER

12 Garrick Court
Edgware

STUDENTS IN THE SIXTIES

SIR, – Mr Vaizey is obviously right about the dangers of a 'student caste'; I suggest he is wrong when he implies that everything in the students' garden is lovely.

A high proportion of my own friends left school at 15, some within the last year or two. Not many of them are conscious of being quite so deprived as Mr Vaizey suggests. In the first place, their working conditions are not all that bad. Nor is their lack of envy simply complacence, ignorance of the possibilities. Many are intelligent enough to realise that the 'culture' I am exposed to for a good part of the year is largely a sham, skindeep affair, a shuffling of currently fashionable names and jargon they can quite properly pass by.

The fact is that these people form their judgments after seeing students like myself, who manifestly haven't profited vastly as human beings from their 'damned lucky' arrival at a university. They see me as the only member of a football team who happens to have stayed at school after 15, and the only member unable to afford a drink after the game. They see me missing the cricket club dinner-dance because I haven't got a suit. And they see that the loss isn't one you can frame simply in material terms, or in those of immediate pleasure.

Like the student your Nottingham contributor quoted, I am 23 and ex-service. But, struggling to live on less than £200 in the Sixties, I certainly have no items on my budget for drink or tobacco or books or travel or theatres. This may be an extreme case, but it is not altogether untypical. I have no idea what goes on in the precincts of St Anne's College, but I can testify that at this establishment – which must approach as closely as anywhere else in Oxbridge the Redbrick proportion of grant-aided students – there is little whisky drunk. There simply isn't the money.

Of course, young people who go to universities should be ready to make sacrifices, and should not expect to be heavily subsidised. And so we do manage to avoid coveting too blatantly the richer students' Costa Brava holiday, or their Dauphine; and even if we can't get used to their monopoly of the best girls, that remains a plain, surface jealousy, not a smouldering, unacknowledged envy. But lacking money here is one thing (it forces you to work, which is after all the main reason for being here). It is a different matter at home. To find that, if we wish to do a reasonable amount of academic work in the vac, we are more or less prohibited from engaging naturally in the life of the community only exacerbates our feeling of having no stake in things, of being a class apart (often I fear an *inferior* class – without perversity one comes to envy much in the young worker's life). Where universities are too busy to try and enrich their students' humanity, as so often today, contact with a wider life is certainly a valuable supplement. But habitual poverty makes blunt one's techniques of pleasure, impairs one's social confidence; and the last way on earth to achieve the feeling of solidarity Mr Vaizey postulates is to put students at a year-long economic disadvantage to their fellows and friends.

PAT ROGERS

Fitzwilliam House
Cambridge

THE PRICE OF UNITY

SIR, – A few weeks ago I – and no doubt others of your readers – was a little shocked by the editorial in which you seemed to be suggesting that the Labour Party could avoid 'tearing itself to pieces' simply by contracting-out of the nuclear controversy on the plea that, in five or six years' time, save the mark, intercontinental missiles will have developed to the point where America will no longer require us to jeopardize our survival by housing her bases.

At least this argument recognised that the question of foreign bases is the heart of the matter. Last week's editorial, however, is too circumspect even to mention the nasty things. They are swept under the carpet – as though the unmentionable were also the forgettable. In your eagerness to represent the Crossman-Padley draft as an acceptable compromise, even though 'there was a moment when it seemed there was little more than a semantic distinction between' it and 'the official statement' (when did that moment pass?), you list the secondary points on which both sides might reasonably agree and ignore the basic difference on which they can't.

That difference of course is about foreign bases. Unilateralism is not the issue, for that has, one presumes, been agreed policy ever since the Executive published its statement last June – a statement that renounced the independent British deterrent unconditionally. Resignation from Nato is not the argument, for neither the AEU nor T & GW resolutions at Scarborough insisted upon any such thing. Unilateral action by 'the West', which in this context means America, is not the issue, because British subjects do not have an American vote and it would indeed be silly for the Labour Party to 'tear itself to pieces' on a matter over which it has no control.

The argument is therefore about bases. If large sections of the Labour Party regard our acceptance of these installations not only as a wicked condonation of nuclear war but as a threat to our national survival and the most unlikely method conceivable of preserving peace, then how can you expect them to jettison these convictions for the sake of the unity of the Labour Party? Which is the more important, the party or the country? A residual Labour Party united amid the radio-active rubble is hardly a compensating prospect.

Disunity I consider deplorable. I should even consider it tragic if present Labour leaders, the

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only alternative government, were more resolute for freedom and for a Socialist society. But even so, I should not be able to shuffle the defence problem into the background. I think, sir, that you are asking us to play internal party politics with an issue far too big for such treatment. It cannot be wished out of the way. Controversy will continue until massive conversion by honest and persistent argument – a process that has already made astonishing headway in a short three years – leaves all but an insignificant minority convinced.

BENN W. LEVY

66 Old Church Street, SW3

TREASON TRIAL AFTERMATH

SIR, – Although the Treason Trial is mercifully at an end, that does not put an end to the work of the Defence and Aid Fund. Apartheid has always meant considerably more than the Treason Trial alone. Our own jubilation at this victory is sobered by the consciousness of so much other suffering caused by apartheid, and we are anxious to counter the apparently widespread impression that the ending of the trial means the end of the Fund's needs.

When the storm broke over Sharpeville, it was the Fund which came to the aid of all those whom the shootings and their aftermath put in need. It is still the Fund which responds to the call of those who continue to be in need, even now, in consequence of the awful events of March, 1960. Victims of the shootings are still in hospital, for instance, some of whom have wives and families needing care. People convicted of 'pass offences' at the time, are still in prison. There is a trial proceeding, arising from these events. And besides Sharpeville, there is still a state of emergency in Pondoland, with thousands in dentention, and scores of people going on trial.

Your readers will realise, we are sure, without our extending this catalogue of misery, that the need is as great as ever. The Defence and Aid Fund is now administered by a Board of Management which has been appointed by Christian Action. The Board is eventually to have sixteen members. Its Chairman is the Earl of Longford and the Honorary Treasurer is Lord Poole.

L. JOHN COLLINS

2 Amen Court, EC4

DUSTMAN'S WAGES

SIR, – As a dustman for the local council, I would like to say how accurate and vivid I found R. L. Bowras's article in last week's NEW STATESMAN – except for one point which I would like to correct. I know of no area in this district where dustmen earn more than £11 a week, and the usual wage is under £10. I enclose my pay slip for the last week and you will see my basic wage before deductions is £9 18s. 5d. I am aware that wage rates vary throughout the country but I would not like your readers to think that all or even the majority of dustmen earn as much as £17. If they do, it is only by working quite an amount of overtime, a very rare occurrence on house refuse collection.

J. B. SALTER

60a Exeter Road
Exmouth

RADIO FREE EUROPE

SIR, – We have read with great interest a short article in NEW STATESMAN for 13 January 1961. Headed 'Moscow: A Little Bit of Culture,' the article said, in part:

. . . A recent survey in *US News and World Report* revealed that, *whereas Russian listeners had a profound distrust for Radio Free Europe* and other American-sponsored stations, they regarded the BBC as reliable because, they argued, its factual content, when checked against straightforward news reports

Sir William Hunter McFadzean
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in the Soviet press, was invariably found to be accurate . . . [italics supplied].

In a thorough check of *US News and World Report* files we did not find the survey referred to above. We were struck also by the reference to 'Russian listeners' to Radio Free Europe. This station does not, in fact, broadcast to Russia, nor does it broadcast in any Soviet language.

CHARLES B. KAUFMANN, JR,
Acting Director

Radio Free Europe
Munich

We owe Radio Free Europe an apology. The US network referred to in the survey (published in *US News and World Report*, 10 October, 1960 p. 88) was, of course, the Voice of America.

SOVIET HISTORY

SIR, – Your Correspondent who reviewed the new *History Of The Communist Party Of The Soviet Union* is clearly motivated more by wishful thinking than a sense of accuracy.

He states: 'The liquidation of the kulaks and the subsequent famine is admitted as a serious mistake: forced collectivisation was an "anti-Leninist" policy'.

May I quote from the volume itself? 'The kulaks were the biggest enemies of Socialism' (p. 444). 'The working class were vitally interested in eliminating the kulak' (p. 446). 'The kulaks were completely expropriated. This was the only way to deal with the kulaks. These measures fully met the interests of Socialist construction, and ensured the success of the collective farm movement and the consolidation of the collective farms' (p. 447). There is no suggestion that the policy of liquidation was a mistake, nor is there any mention of famine. What is suggested, as was done at the time, is that the kulaks did a great deal of damage in destroying livestock, and that serious local errors were made in the speed of collectivisation. That 'forced' collectivisation was anti-Leninist was stressed by Stalin at the time. In fact, this *History* represents nothing new in assessing the policy of liquidating the kulaks.

Your correspondent also maintains that 'the beginning of Stalin's "errors and excesses" is now dated back to the middle of the Thirties'. May I point out that in the 1956 decision of the Central Committee of the Party it was explicitly stated that 'Stalin's erroneous formulation that the class struggle would become more and more acute . . . was pushed to the fore in 1937'. It would appear, then, that here too there is no difference between the *History* and the assessment of Stalin's errors as published in 1956.

PAT SLOAN

Melody Road, Biggin Hill

Like the authors of the *History* Mr Sloan accepts that the kulaks were 'eliminated' in 'bitter class struggle': he must also agree that 'the Leninist voluntary principle of forming collective farms was being violated . . . by compulsion' (p. 448); that 'mistakes and excesses' were committed by party organisations (p. 449); and that these 'distortions' threatened 'to discredit the collective-farm movement and to weaken the entire cause of Socialist construction' (p. 450). The victims of these 'mistakes' were peasants who were 'eliminated' because they had been wrongly classified as 'kulaks' (pp. 448-451). The result of this erroneous policy was the serious and admitted damage to the collectivisation movement and the Soviet system, and chaos in agriculture. The *History* may not use the word 'famine', but it describes this rural disaster and states that the peasants, 'instigated' by the kulaks, slaughtered their livestock. In 1929-30 the number of cattle decreased 'by 14.6 million, pigs by one-third, sheep and goats by more than a quarter . . . animal husbandry in the USSR suffered a severe loss from which it could not recover for a long time'. Our correspondent was at fault in suggesting that the *History* admits in terms that it was a mistake to liquidate the kulaks: as an act of class policy that is still defended. But it so documents the 'errors', the 'distortions' and the 'mistakes' that ensued that even Mr Sloan can scarcely claim that it was a resounding success.

THE PERILS OF PR

SIR, – Mr Arthur Christiansen in his 'Fleet Street' feature last week implied that my recent visit to Rhodesia, on behalf of the *Daily Express*, had been at the expense of the Rhodesian government. This is not so. All expenses were paid by my newspaper.

Secondly, Mr Christiansen wondered whether I felt I was being 'brain-washed' by Voice and Vision (the publicity organisation representing the federal government). The answer is no. I went where I liked. No one, at any time, attempted to influence my conclusions.

TREVOR EVANS
Industrial Correspondent

SIR, – It is the policy of the *Daily Express* to insist that all expenses of their staff correspondents on foreign assignments are met by the newspaper.

I must therefore ask you to correct the implication in your 'Fleet Street' column of 3 May that *Daily Express* men are now permitted to put themselves under a financial obligation to any outside agency.

F. L. TYLER
Legal Manager

DRIBERG AND CHRISTIANSEN

SIR, – Mr Christiansen says in *Headlines All My Life* that I accepted 'a large sum of money' to write Lord Beaverbrook's biography. In its context, this clearly implies that I was commissioned by Lord Beaverbrook to write it. As my literary agents and the publishers can confirm, this is completely untrue.

TOM DRIBERG

People who make the news read it in The Times

THE STERNEST JUDGMENT any newspaper gets comes from those who see their own words and actions reported. They know what is true and what is not. They read The Times.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Prancing Aesthete

A. ALVAREZ

Firbank's novels have been done no good at all by the Firbank myth. That coddled, wealthy *flaneur*, the darling of the Sitwells, who started writing under the influence of the Yellow Book, flourished at the Café Royal and died at the height of the twittering twenties, is a depressing period piece. And each new fragment of the myth makes him seem the more insufferable: the squirming, giggling shyness, the gossip, the absolute snobbery, the neurotic preciousness and drunken Catholic homosexuality; he seems to be in the most tiresome tradition of English eccentricity. An air of aesthetic deliciousness still clings to him in our own time: Sandy Wilson made *Valmouth* into a musical; John Betjeman called him 'a jewelled and clockwork nightingale singing among London sparrows' (oddly enough in the *Daily Herald*); even Anthony Powell, in his Preface to *The Complete Ronald Firbank*,* prescribes reading him in bed 'against a pile of pillows' and warns sternly against the pangs of commitment or similar literary maladies. Of course, Firbank is not responsible for the nonsense written about him; but, as James said of Baudelaire, 'one cannot, in some degree, help judging a man by the company he keeps'. To admire Powell is 'a mark of excellent taste', but to be admired by Powell 'one cannot but regard as somewhat compromising'.

Not all of the company, however, has been lightweight. E. M. Forster took Firbank seriously enough, and Edmund Wilson called him 'the poet of the *fou rire*', tracing his lineage back to Congreve and Jonson. And now that his tics have at last become simply a part of the history of taste and manners, one can see why. Firbank emerges as a curiously impressive writer – scarcely inspiring, perhaps, but of considerable subtlety and originality. Contrary to the myth of the indolent amateur living off his unearned income and his connections, he seems to have been a writer of surprising dedication. *Vainglory*, his first serious novel, was written in two years of almost total isolation in Oxford at the beginning of the First World War.

To immure himself in a University town may have been an odd reaction to a major disaster, but it was, at least, single-minded and typical of him. In a way, all his work can be read as a kind of uneasy acknowledgment of the tensions that run just below the level of social chatter. He had, in fact, briefly sounded his characteristic note before *Vainglory*, in *The Artificial Princess*:

> 'Tell me, Sir Oliver,' she demanded, 'have you ever been to Greece?'
>
> 'More than once,' Sir Oliver dryly replied, 'I even married, *en secondes noces*, a Lesbian . . .'
>
> 'A native of Lesbos? Just fancy that!' the Baroness marvelled, appraising a passing débutante, a young girl in a mousseline robe of palest Langue de chat.
>
> '*Née* a Demitraki.'
>
> 'A demi what?' the Baroness abstrusely twittered, blinking at the intermittent lightning in the sky.

All the Firbank ingredients are in that: the faintly absurd, perverse jokes and misunderstandings and, at the same time, a sense of ominous unease. At the critical moment in nearly all his novels, the sky flickers with summer lightning. There is always the impression of a storm raging just beyond the limits of his own elegant world.

Except by the remotest implication, the storms, of course, are nothing as grand as the international and social upheavals which were going on around him. They are storms in the head, fine-drawn *crises de nerfs*. Nerves, in fact, were his genius:

> The gardens looked almost heroic in the evening light. If the statues, that lit the sombre evergreens of the walks, did *not* suggest Phidias, they did, at least, their duty.
>
> 'When the birds fly low, and the insects turn, and turn,' she said, 'there's rain!'
>
> Lady Castleyard closed her eyes.
>
> 'I like a storm,' she murmured, 'particularly at night. Sometimes one can catch a face in it – somebody one's been wondering about, perhaps, or who's been wondering of you. And one meets in the explosion.'

The writing is economical and the invocation precise. But what is being invoked is nothing exotic; Firbank's lush, moody overwriting occurs extensively only in *Santal* and *Valmouth* – his *Brideshead Revisited*, and equally disastrous. What is being invoked is, instead, the neurasthenic. In their bright way, Firbank's novels have more in common with Eliot's 'A Game of Chess' than with the pure purple of Lawrence Durrell or, as Mr Powell suggests, with Proust or Joyce. (Occasionally, his prose does sound like one of Joyce's riper parodies, but the only stream of consciousness Firbank ever managed was that of an over-sensitive feminine socialite.)

Firbank's difficulty as a writer was to anchor his general nervousness of tone to anything as specific as a plot or a person. It is virtually impossible to distinguish one of his characters from the next; apart from the mildly offensive coon language of his negroes, they all talk alike, think alike and behave alike. They all twitter with the same witty disconnectedness; they are all overfastidious, very bored and pained by the sexual politics they dabble in. And they all have their vague other-worldly yearnings: Mrs Shamefoot, in *Vainglory*, wants to be immortalised in a stained-glass window; Miss Collins, in Firbank's finest early novel *Inclinations*, wants Romance in the shape of an Italian count, while her elderly companion, Miss O'Brookomore, wants it in the shape of Miss Collins; Miss Sinquier in *Caprice* wants Fame on the London stage; the characters in *Valmouth* are divided equally between Roman Catholicism and the Exotic (the latter represented either by Mrs Yajñavalkya, the negress who specialises in a kind of Voodoo physiotherapy, or by her lush daughter); the boy Cherif, in *Santal*, wants Allah; in *The Flower Beneath the Foot*, Laura de Nazianzi unwillingly transmutes her love of Prince Yousef into mysticism (we are told, in a footnote, that she eventually became a saint); Mrs Mouth in *Prancing Nigger* wants the glamour of Big City Society; Cardinal Pirelli lapses into a remarkably pious death, stark naked save for his mitre, while chasing a choir-boy round his church; most of the minor characters devote their energies to being scourged; and in the play, *The Princess Zoubaroff*, the members of the opposite sex want nothing to do with each other – the husbands go off climbing together, their wives retire to a Lesbian convent and the year-old child is sent away to school. It is the world of *The Waste Land* seen by a man who is too hopelessly involved in it to afford to be anything except amused.

Just as all Firbank's characters seem projections of the one set of jangled nerves, so the plots are barely distinguishable. Admittedly, things do happen: one person goes off with another, someone else is frustrated. And there are sudden explosions of violence; but, like those summer storms, they occur just off the page. A cathedral is struck by lightning; poor Miss Sinquier dies falling through a stage trapdoor. And so on. But each tragedy occurs between the chapters. It is like Firbank's attitude to the First World War: large-scale events may influence his work profoundly, but he would look at them only out of the very corner of his eye.

So the novels proper are carried on in a series of conversational gasps, each scene perfectly formed in itself, but each leading almost nowhere. Yet since all the works are, to use his own phrase, 'Studies in Temperament', events are not really needed. He can achieve all his effects through the pauses and flickering of polite talk. In this way, his jokes are as concentrated and as subtly maintained as his most serious efforts:

> 'Go to the window, Willie,' the Queen exhorted her Consort, fixing an eye on the last trouser button that adorned his long, straggling legs.
>
> The King, who had the air of a tired pastry-cook, sat down.
>
> 'We feel,' he said, 'to-day, we've had our fill of stares!'
>
> 'One little bow, Willie,' the Queen entreated, 'that wouldn't kill you.'
>
> 'We'd give perfect worlds,' the King went on, 'to go, by Ourselves, to bed.' . . .
>
> 'Whenever I go out,' the King complained, 'I get an impression of raised hats.'
>
> It was seldom King William of Pisguera spoke in the singular tense, and Doctor Babcock looked perturbed.
>
> 'Raised hats, sir?' he murmured in impressive tones.
>
> 'Nude heads, doctor.'

**The Complete Ronald Firbank. Duckworth. 42s.*

There is no essential difference between this brilliant absurdity at the beginning of *The Flower Beneath the Foot* and the charged, yearning close of *Prancing Nigger*:

> Led by an old negress leaning on her hickory staff, the procession came.
> Banners, banners, banners.
> 'I hope Mimi wave!'
> Floating banners against the dusk . . .
> 'Oh, honey! See dat lil pilgrim boy?'
> *Time like an ever-rolling stream,*
> *Bears all its sons away;*
> *They fly forgotten, as a dream*
> *Dies at the opening day.*
> 'Mimi, Mimi!' She had flung the roses from her dress. 'Look up, my deah, look up.'
> But her cry escaped unheard.
> *They fly forgotten, as a dream*
> *Dies* ——!
> The echoing voices of those behind lingered a little.

Both passages employ the same technical shorthand, a kind of verbal *pointillisme*, which, instead of defining the scene straight out, makes it shine through the contrasting, often clashing details.

The ability to shade the potentially tragic imperceptibly into the social and absurd was part of Firbank's gift as an artist, but it was also part of his central weakness. The persistent, underlying theme in all his work is the total, heartless disconnection of one person from another; everything is gossip and manoeuvring. Against this pervasive yet fascinating malice, Firbank evolved two defences: the first was an infinitely clever vagueness, which gave the novels their wit; the second was the attenuated moods, nerves and semi-religious languishings, which were his equivalent of a sense of tragedy. But he never finally distinguished between the two, never realised that moods only become properly serious when rooted in values as well as taste.

At this point, no doubt, Mr Powell would accuse me of priggishness. I can't help it; Firbank himself asks to be taken seriously, both for his skill and for the simple fact that the major influence on his mature work was not the Yellow Book but Henry James. *The Awkward Age* is the only novel I can think of before Firbank in which a tragedy is developed almost exclusively through the nuances of social chit-chat. But where James was always far enough outside his characters to see them dispassionately for what they were worth, Firbank was wholly at the mercy of his. All his artistic effort went into endowing them with a witty, temperamental glamour.

The Firbank myth is curiously akin to the Firbank novels. Both might have been the creations of one of James's tenser socialites. But they are the Master turned upside-down. For James, every intrigue sooner or later assumed the proportions of a monstrous perversion of morality. For Firbank, on the other hand, perversion is taken for granted as the basic moral norm. The result is an infinite, cold boredom from which the only escape is in vapours, jokes, fine moods and absurd calamities. 'Imagine the world, my friends,' says the Archbishop of Cuna, 'had Christ been born a girl!' Firbank created a world in which, apparently, He was.

The New Schoolmen

On Thermonuclear War. By HERMAN KAHN. *Oxford.* 55*s.*

The Economics of Defence in the Nuclear Age. By CHARLES HITCH and ROLAND MCKEAN. *Oxford.* 45*s.*

The theory that war is too dangerous to be left to the generals is proving as unreliable as its obverse. One of the great fallacies of our time is the assumption that if the decisions are taken by civilians, war will be less costly and futile. Civilian control of military operations has grown steadily since 1916, when Lloyd George created the War Cabinet; but so have the casualties and the barbarism. Since 1945, the process has gone much further. Generals are now seen as mere functionaries, less important than the rockets they nominally command. War has become an academic problem of logic, for which solutions can be developed using the Theory of Games.

In the United States, where this approach is taken most seriously, a new science, or rather pseudo-science, has been developed by the Rand Corporation. This attempts, with the help of an army of young civilian 'experts' and batteries of electronic computors, to answer two basic questions. First, which is the best 'posture' (in terms of the number, type and disposition of strategic weapons) the West *should* adopt to deter Russia – or, alternatively, to minimise and so survive an attack? Second, what is the most effective way (in terms of money, manpower and technical resources) this posture *can* be adopted? The main conclusions of the Rand Corporation are summarised in these two books, which deal respectively with the strategy and economics of nuclear policy.

I call the work of the Corporation a pseudo-science for the simple reason that its exponents have no means of verifying their conclusions by experiment. Apart from the two bombs dropped on Japan, they do not know what really happens when nuclear weapons are used. True, their writings have a scientific veneer. The US Air Force provides them with elaborate data about 'weapons systems'. They make extensive use of computors (Mr Kahn, who has what seems to me an unhealthy affection for these machines, believes that if von Moltke had possessed enough computor-man-hours in July 1914, and so had been able to re-cast his rigid railway time-tables, the First World War might have been avoided). Nevertheless, these studies are essentially works of science-fiction.

Indeed, they bear a strange and comforting resemblance to medieval philosophy. The schoolmen believed that the world would soon be destroyed by God; their problem was to discover a system of belief and a code of morals which would permit the human race to survive this catastrophe and pass safely to the other side. All aspects of knowledge came within their ken, and they built up massive cosmologies of intricate and satisfying symmetry. So long as their fundamental assumption was accepted, their conclusions were inevitable and relevant: the details of the tortures inflicted on the damned became an important question, which could be debated with profit. Unfortunately, the assumption itself could not be proved; it could only be believed.

The schoolmen, however, were relatively harmless. They argued fiercely among themselves, and occasionally burnt each other at the stake; but they did little damage to the community as a whole. There is no evidence that their conclusions on statecraft or public morality influenced medieval governments in the slightest. In one sense, the work of the Rand-men is likely to be equally futile. I find it hard to believe that western defence planners – those who actually take the responsibility for decisions – will be any the wiser for reading these two books. For both break down, inevitably, as soon as they try to give practical answers to concrete problems. Messrs Hitch and McKean, for instance, provide a 'scientific' answer to a typical defence dilemma: whether to spend money on extra maintenance for a bomber wing or on extra ammunition for the infantry. This is a case, they say, for an inquiry 'into the circumstances in which the over-all problem can be factored into a hierarchy of independent, sub-optimisation problems'. The military mind which has followed them thus far will eventually get a dusty answer:

$$\Lambda_z^o\left(B_z - \sum_{j=1}^{m} z_j^o p_{zj}\right) = 0$$

and will not be consoled by the information: 'This is the simplest case in the Theory of Games'.

In reality, of course, when the factors in such equations are identified they are seen to be exactly the same as those which have always confronted military planners, and which can only be resolved by an intuitive act of judgement. To express such a problem in mathematical terms does not make a decision any easier to take, or any more likely to be the right one.

But if the new schoolmen, like their predecessors, fail to influence the men at the top, they may do a good deal of damage lower down. Ambitious young politicians who have yet to experience the sobering reality of taking life-and-death decisions could be – and, I believe, have been – corrupted by such books. They possess an intellectual ruthlessness which appeals strongly to men learning – or yearning – to wield the levers of power. Mr Kahn, for instance, believes that by 1970 we could build what he calls a Doomsday Machine, capable of destroying life on this planet, adding – a masterpiece of unconscious irony – 'I have been surprised at the unanimity with which the notion of the unacceptability of a Doomsday Machine is greeted'. Throughout his book he is at pains to emphasise not only the possibility of nuclear war, but its desirability in certain circumstances, and what he terms the 'acceptability' of casualties running into millions. We must find, he says, 'an alternative to peace'. These mental attitudes, expressed in a vocabulary whose very awfulness has a certain magnetism, undoubtedly strike a chord among some western politicians who have come of age in the Cold War.

They appeal also to able young officers with intellectual pretentions. There are now a good many western staff-officers with some sort of scientific training. The impact of pseudo-scientific doctrines on these men, whose moral reflexes have been blunted by the exigencies of the Cold War, can be disastrous. A striking example is the recent mutiny in Algiers, inspired by a group of colonels mesmerised by the writings of Mao Tse-tung. Such men usually lack the humanist grounding which is the best defence against evil dogma. For them, books like these should be treated as pornography, within the meaning of the act; otherwise we may all be factored into oblivion.

PAUL JOHNSON

"The strongest principle of growth lies in human choice" GEORGE ELIOT

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Royal Reprieves

King John. By W. L. WARREN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*

The Hollow Crown: a Life of Richard II. By HAROLD F. HUTCHISON. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*

John, King of England. By JOHN APPLEBY. *Bell.* 25*s.*

The Life and Death of Thomas Becket. Edited by GEORGE GREENAWAY. *Folio Society.* 23*s.* 6*d.*

The rapt stone effigies tell us nothing: but their cathedral stiffness is less misleading than most of the chroniclers. With Shakespeare, legend became hypnotic; and even Bishop Stubbs, for all his careful footnotes, was fatally attracted to villains and precedents. Less grandly, today's historians play probation officer to legend's discharged prisoners. Patient among the Pipe Rolls, they unpick the complexities of medieval government, and find that Bad King John was hard up and Weak King Richard hard done by.

Kate Norgate's *John Lackland* was published in 1902, when it was still possible to believe John guilty of 'superhuman wickedness'. Since then, despite the studies of the late Professor Painter, there's been no attempt at a connected biography, although the light shed on John's portrait by the learned journals has been unobtrusively shifting. Now, Dr Warren has used such reassessments in a brave and largely successful attempt to interpret King John to the general reader without losing the respect of the specialists. His faults are few and venial. He is perhaps too hasty with the 11th-century campaign against simony; he perhaps overstresses Stephen Langton's role in Magna Carta; he prints the Charter's text, but might have analysed it more fully. He has let pass one or two misprints: 'Vivelles', for instance, on p.223 should surely be Nivelles.

John emerges from the book, in essentials, not greatly changed. He is still, indeed, the short, secretive, uneasy monarch, hot-tempered and cruel, difficult to like. But the administrative records add new elements – in particular, ferocious industry, produced perhaps by that same uneasiness. It becomes clear, as Dr Warren points out, that John's failing was not too little government, but too much. And this in turn points back to his perennial handicap, shared with most governments and almost all medieval rulers: he needed money. His brother Richard I had bought glamour on credit; it was John's ungrateful task to foot the bill from inadequate resources, and to fight slow inflation without realising what it was. War, in any case, was growing more expensive, and 'foreign war' was coming to be resented. William the Conqueror had been *'rex Norm-Anglorum'*: John was *'rex Anglorum'* to the Pope and *'rex Anglie'* on his Great Seal. It was perhaps significant that he founded a navy; it was certainly ominous that Clause 7 of the 'Unknown Charter' sought to restrict knight-service outside England.

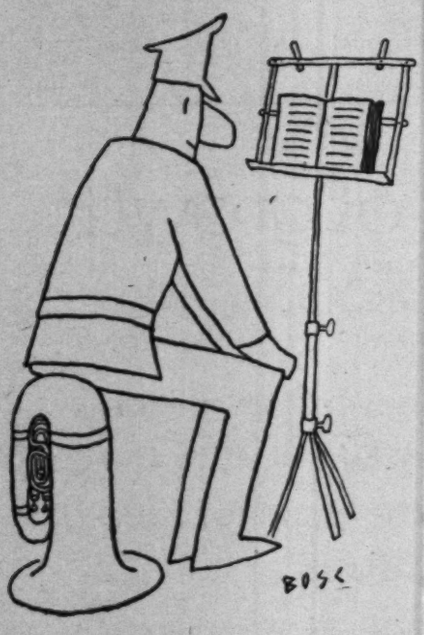
By the time of Richard II, attitudes had hardened further. The campaigns in France were now no longer punitive expeditions within the feudal domain: they had acquired the patriotic character of war against the French; and in this sense Shakespeare was right. During the Anglo-French negotiations at Lelingham in 1394, native Norman French was unintelligible to the French Ambassadors, who in turn could only make their own language understandable to the English by writing it down. In money terms, moreover, war in the 14th century had become even more costly, and the King's resources were still more strained. His troubles were further multiplied by the twin dangers of popular discontent and a restive baronage with recent memories of a deposed King.

A scholarly study of Richard was published in 1941 by Mr Anthony Steel; but as Mr Hutchison puts it, 'his judgments suffer from the jargon of psychology'; and when Miss McKisack, writing in 1959, can also suggest that Richard was 'perhaps dangerously mad', it's surely time to take a long, hard look at the evidence. Unfortunately, Mr Hutchison's painstaking attempt to do so is rather less convincingly documented than Dr Warren's volume, and some at least of his arguments rest only on conjecture. He is more impressive, indeed, in the early chapters, which explain with great care the medieval significance of Parliament, than towards the end, where he telescopes the drama of the deposition and adds some dutiful words about Richard's patronage of the arts. He does succeed in making vivid and intelligible the appalling personal strain on the young King: but Shakespeare was there before him.

Both these books are abundantly illustrated. Mr Appleby's, which by an unlucky coincidence appeared some time ago in America, lacks illustrations but is even more handsomely produced. Written in a cordial prose that might be called Georgetown Anglophile, it applies to King John the more untechnical manner which is Mr Hutchison's way with Richard. Avowedly inspired by the chronicles, Mr Appleby quotes them generously and colourfully: but although he deliberately supplies no references, he redresses the chroniclers' vices with what is evidently thorough knowledge of modern secondary material, if not of the administrative records themselves. For the general reader, in fact, this is a sound modern chronicle, with that flavour of actuality that only chronicles can give.

For those who seek it at first hand, a reliable modern edition and translation is, of course, more vivid still. It's the more welcome if it happens to be as well presented as the Folio Society edition of William fitzStephen's life of Becket. A pious gift book? A companion volume to the book-of-the-film of *Murder in the Cathedral*? Not when it's introduced and annotated by a university teacher who has combed the other sources for revealing or corrective detail of Becket's quarrel with Henry II. The result is a sympathetic portrait of a man who must in fact have been exasperating. Come to think of it, 44 years after Salzman's biography, isn't it time for King Henry to get his reprieve too?

RICHARD MAYNE



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94 Charing Cross Road London

Myself at War

I Am Lazarus. By SVEN BERLIN. *Galley Press.* 21*s.*

Solitary Confinement. By CHRISTOPHER BURNEY. *Macmillan.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

War is still, for many people, the adventure or test that incites to autobiography. Mr Berlin scarcely exists till the middle of the last war in which, for him, pacifism was ousted by an instinct to fight. A preliminary 'Self-Portrait' tells us little more than that the writer is a bit of a show-off, influenced by D. H. Lawrence; he lodges in St Ives, and is especially argumentative when naked. This is followed by a diary, written up afterwards, of his experiences as an artilleryman in France and Holland. Conscience is his impresario, so that he acts like mad to remain himself; sits apart writing, or stuffing his head with poems and novels; won't go with the herd, must make his own sly trip to the enemy lines. Over-emphatic, jumbling realism with apocalyptic yearnings, the diary still grips the attention and holds to its own sort of vehemence. Against 'The pale queen of the sky drew her veil' (it got dark) must be set the first impact of casualties, the Major examining Caen Cathedral through field-glasses: 'Let's push it over, great fun.' Mr Berlin has an eye; but his vision is more questionable.

Possibly every threat of death yields its own mystique. Mr Berlin saw himself as Lazarus long before dysentery brought him safely home, and can tell from a man's eyes that he's going to be killed: by contrast the idea of execution which overhangs *Solitary Confinement* extorts the utmost refinement of conscience and doubt. This is not only a very different kind of book but a much better one. It relates a single experience, 526 days' imprisonment, with a psychological realism that is truly remarkable. (The author had been dropped in France to help the Resistance and been arrested by the Gestapo.) The physical limitations are set out: cell measuring ten feet by five, frosted-glass pane through which a distant shadow on a wall provides a rough hour-clock, the slimy eye at the peephole, the crust of bread and the pannikin of thin soup in the morning, prisoners tapping and chirruping at night.

Action had to be devised. The five paces to and fro became a ritual, oats were harvested from a palliasse, a waistcoat knitted

from a torn blanket. 'Sewing, if Dr Johnson had but known, concentrates the mind even more wonderfully than an anticipated execution which, for my part, had rather distracted it.' The mind stretched itself in geography recitals, questionings of conduct and belief and so on: always reverting, by whatever ingenious paths, to resistless dreams of food. Cheeses! A strict examination of Hell led back to the Herefordshire church of boyhood and thence to Sunday lunch, with a rush of giddying pleasures. Body and mind, as one grew feebler and the other more acute, played an endless sonata, interrupted when Allied planes flew over or the sheets of lavatory paper turned out to be torn from a life of St Francis Assisi or Sir James Jeans on Planck's Constant. A bible gave Mr Burney a whole continent to explore. What he chased after was liberty of mind: no one who reads him will question that he found it.

Otherwise, he was taken away several times for interrogation, beaten up once, and in the end transferred to Buchenwald, his account of which appears in another book. He is now a merchant banker. *Solitary Confinement* was first published in 1952, with a limited circulation, and this reissue should establish its claim to be a minor classic.

G. W. STONIER

Instruments of Life

Stories of a Lifetime. By THOMAS MANN. Translated by H. T. LOWE-PORTER and WILLARD TRASK. *Secker & Warburg.* 2 vols., 25*s.* each.

These two volumes reprint *Stories of Three Decades*, less the Felix Krull fragment and plus three *Novellen*. Mann's preface to the earlier collection could well have been included, for it points to the really important items and also indicates the relationship which many of the stories bear to his novels. In some cases the stories were relaxations; in other cases, leftovers from novels already written or skirmishes preliminary to a future novel. Mann needed plenty of elbow room to manoeuvre in; and, with some exceptions, his best stories have little to do with the preoccupations of the novels.

The theme of the artist as 'outsider', the opposition of Life and Art, is most tellingly explored in *Doctor Faustus*, which affords room for ample documentation of this and other subjects. Looking back from *Doctor Faustus*, the early 'artist' stories seem weaker, more arbitrary, more gratuitous, than they used to. And more repetitive. *Little Herr Friedemann* is a cripple who has trained himself as an artist in crippled enjoyments; but Life, in the form of a stately married lady, destroys his precarious world. In *The Hungry*, the artist Detlef envies and despises the 'children of life' enjoying themselves at a fashionable fête; suddenly he notices another outsider, a pauper, envying and despising Detlef, whom he takes for 'an arrogantly happy human being'. But Mann is too implicated in Detlef to follow up this twist. In *Tristan*, Spinell (author of a novel 'printed on a sort of filter-paper') is put to rout by Life in the shape of a fat, merry baby. *The Way to the Churchyard* is openly 'allegorical': the wretched outsider Piepsam is demolished by a boisterous cyclist called Life.

These tales are pervaded by a peculiar irony, an 'ironical elegance and overtone of mockery, subtly ridiculing the habitual posturing of the German language,' as Erich Heller describes it, which rarely survives translation intact. Even so, one feels that the symbols flaunt themselves, whereas in the novels they operate quietly from within a body of cogently realistic detail. The theme culminates in *Tonio Kröger*: 'the artist must be unhuman, extra-human.' Here the persuasive documentation, particularly of Tonio as a writer we can take seriously, enables Mann to get away with the obvious symbolism of Tonio's detention as a suspected swindler and his discovery that his old home has been turned into a Public Library. Similarly the *fin de siècle* flavour of the work is alleviated by Tonio's realisation (Mann speaking for himself) that 'if anything is capable of making a poet of a literary man, it is my *bourgeois* love of the human, the living and usual.'

The three additions are far below the level of Mann's best work. *The Transposed Heads* is a protracted blue joke disguised as a philosophical whimsy, or *vice versa*. *The Tables of the Law* is a piece of genial debunking, and serves to demonstrate the lightness of touch with which Mann deploys his heavy details. Less easy to categorise is *The Black Swan*, unless we dismiss it forthwith as an exercise in gynaecology. The irony of the plotting is extremely crude. A widow of 50, in love with a young American, finds that she has become 'a woman again, a functioning female'. Nature, whom she adores, has rewarded her. It turns out, however, to be cancer of the womb. Again symbols obtrude: the ladies, out walking, trace an odour of musk to decaying animal matter. Yet, as we are reminded, Mann can take liberties we should never tolerate in another writer. The story is poignant; it is even funny – the American doesn't care for America and knows more about German folk customs than do the Germans themselves. And the end has a true piety, strengthened by the medical details which precede it: 'Never say that Nature deceived me,' the dying woman tells her daughter, 'Death is a great instrument of life, and if for me it borrowed the guise of resurrection, of the joy of love, that was not a lie, but goodness and mercy.'

Apart from *Death in Venice*, still the prize of the collection, the stories which seem to me to have worn best are the apparently trivial, almost plotless ones. The 'reporting' of *Railway Accident* and *The Fight between Jappe and Do Escobar; Mario and the Magician*, a triumph of detail, a story you really *can't* lay down, because you are trapped inside it; and the splendid *Disorder and Early Sorrow*.

Death in Venice is not – as Lawrence, perhaps for his own purposes, took it to be – Flaubertian. Working through a sympathetic exploration of Flaubertianism it arrives at a firm though still compassionate rejection of it. Life in its most sinister and degraded aspects claims Aschenbach, the distinguished author who, in the name of 'form', has set his face against Life. Possibly Mann's meticulousness and his deceptive rhetoric blinded Lawrence to the mockery, to the radical distinction between the author in the story and the author of the story. Form, says Mann early in the tale, is 'moral in so far as it is the expression and result of discipline; immoral – yes, actually hostile to morality – in that of its very essence it is indifferent to good and evil, and deliberately concerned to make the moral world stoop beneath its proud and undivided sceptre.' Which is not far removed from the burden of Lawrence's review, his attack on form as 'that will of the writer to be . . . undisputed lord over the stuff he writes.'

D. J. ENRIGHT

A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons
MARTIN GREEN

'This is a serious and important book, not less so for the frankness and—curiously—modesty of its tone . . . Writers of Mr. Green's quality are needed here . . .' *The Times Literary Supplement* 18*s*

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'*The Waste Makers* should be made compulsory prison reading for every politician, every economist, every advertising agent, and every industrialist who attempts to equate a high standard of living with the purchase of the unnecessary, the inferior and the short-lived article.' *The Times* 21*s*

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JOHN STROUD

'The boy and his trail of welfare officers and teachers, all meaning terribly well, one of them with quite enough time or patience to find out what it is all about, are all beautifully done, and the stress and tension are kept up excitingly throughout.' *Diana and Meir Gillon, Sunday Times* 16*s*

Longmans

On St. George's Hill

Comrade Jacob. By DAVID CAUTE. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

The Business of Loving. By GODFREY SMITH. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

The Tree and the Vine. By DOLA DE JONG. Translated by ILONA KINZER. *Calder.* 15*s.*

Owls and Satyrs. By DAVID PRYCE-JONES. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

Saint Spiv. By RONALD DUNCAN. *Dobson.* 15*s.*

Many novels fail when experience and invention are imperfectly fused. In Godfrey Smith's novel it is fairly easy to separate the two. And the same could be said of David Caute's first novel, *At Fever Pitch*. There, the West African political background was lucidly and intelligently reported; the scenes from army life were done with feeling. But the story which attempted to hold these two elements together was on yet another level. It was cold and transparently contrived, an exercise of the intellect rather than the true novelist's imagination, and what was intended to weld two elements only added another. It would have seemed then that Mr Caute was rash to attempt an historical novel, in which fiction has to be adjusted to fact. The appalling, over-written first chapter of *Comrade Jacob* confirms one's fears. Then, quite abruptly, all the novelist's instincts seem to come to Mr Caute. Forgetting to write prettily, he sinks deeper and deeper into his subject, and the result is a book which is far better than his first.

The novel tells of the failure of the Diggers to establish a communistic society on St George's Hill in Surrey in 1649. They are opposed by landlords and the local clergy. Cromwell, fearing the spread of anarchy, sends General Fairfax to disperse the Diggers. Fairfax is unwilling to be brutal; then the Diggers, their numbers growing, become militant, and they are destroyed. Mr Caute suggests that even without Cromwell and Fairfax the cause was lost. This he does by taking us into the mind of Gerard Winstanley, the leader of the Diggers. Winstanley tells part of the story. We see his visions and accept them; we recognise his honesty; but we equally recognise his need for power, his willingness to compromise with the truth for the sake of his colony. This is a Joyce Cary theme and at times, especially when dealing with religious hysteria, Mr Caute speaks with pure Joyce Cary accents. But Mr Caute's own instincts have been right. He does not parade any distracting historical detail; and except for an unnecessary reference to 'some young chap called Andre Marvele', he drops no names. By seeming not to explain the age, he makes it live.

Less than half-way through *The Business of Loving* I had the feeling I had read it before: the group of adolescents in war-time, their escapades, their loves, their shifting relationships, and even the party during which the lights are turned off for a game of Murder. It was Jeremy Brooks's *Jampot Smith* all over again. Only, that was set in North Wales and it was Liverpool glowing in the distance; this is set in Hampshire, with a view of Portsmouth. The similarity was disquieting. Could two writers bring equal intelligence, sentiment and humour to the recreation of similar experience? But novelists, thank goodness, *are* different. Mr Brooks had little taste for heavy romantic drama. Mr Smith has. To a moving account of adolescence he has grafted the following story:

Benny, alone among his friends, believes in love. When he is 13 he falls in love with Laura, and she with him. Let eight years pass. Days before Benny returns to her from Africa, Laura marries someone else. When Benny hears the news he faints. Recovering, he seduces Arabella, the attractive young stepmother of one of his friends. Then he leaves Hampshire. Thirteen years pass. Arabella is still Benny's mistress and Benny has made a fortune which he cannot enjoy because he is still a broken man. A chance encounter with a friend makes him re-live the past for our benefit, and he decides it was time he paid a visit to Hampshire. Poor Laura! She is busy playing Alison to her husband's Jimmy Porter. ('It was us, Benny. He even blows his trumpet like that man in the play.') But Benny didn't like the play. The spell is broken, he is free. Then he discovers that Arabella isn't married after all. ('Why didn't you tell me?' 'I didn't want you till you were looking at me straight and cold and clear.')

In the last chapter, a question-and-answer piece such as is more usually found at the end of detective novels, Mr Smith reveals his moral: 'We live in the age of the picaresque hero and the positivist philosopher . . . There's no magic in the world, except what we put into it.' This is undoubtedly sincere, but part of Mr Smith's purpose is also to pass on his knowledge of the human heart: he knows what women like best, and sometimes he writes as though his life depended on answering the riddle in *The Wife of Bath's Tale*. Mr Smith is far from being angry but he appears to be in danger of becoming a writer for women and boys.

The Tree and the Vine is a Dutch novel about an unfulfilled Lesbian relationship. The book follows the familiar pattern: meeting, attachment, love revealed, obstacles, separation. Separation here is particularly terrible, for Erica is half-Jewish, and we are in German-occupied Holland. Erica is a recurring figure in fiction: attractive, alcoholic and full of secrets which are gradually revealed: a broken home, a broken heart. In this book she remains too mysterious, however, and cannot fully engage our interest. Yet Miss de Jong has succeeded in doing something far more difficult. She makes her narrator a real person, the plain woman over 30 who does not want to recognise her nature and has brief, dutiful, joyless affairs with men. Her room is always lonely; her little affections and pleasures will never change that; she can only grow older. She is devoted to her employer, and is never aware of the barrenness of her existence. This silence, this refusal to see, is very touching, and is delicately rendered.

In *Owls and Satyrs* David Pryce-Jones examines the cruelty of the young towards their parents. Henry, a 20-year-old National Serviceman, cannot understand why his long-widowed mother should want a lover or wish to marry again. He sets out to hurt and destroy. Mr Pryce-Jones is too close to his material; his view is a little blurred. But his honesty is such that while we understand the hero, we sympathise with the mother. A real weakness is the plot. The climax depends, amusingly, on a question of MCC membership; but I cannot believe that the MCC will hound a man who bluffs his way into Lord's on somebody else's card. Still, Mr Pryce-Jones has made a bright start; it will be interesting to see what he does next.

At first *Saint Spiv* reads like a London fairy tale, with a hint of Priestley and also of Runyon. The world is still divided into the very rich and the very poor; criminals are comic and loose illiterate girls are fundamentally pure. The mixture is nevertheless extremely amusing, until Mr Duncan, invention running out, decides to lash the age. Old targets – critics, intellectuals, modern painters, the NEW STATESMAN and so on – are arraigned; but the case is overstated, and satire often turns into simple bitterness.

V. S. NAIPAUL

The Axe is Home

Unpublished Poems. By SIR THOMAS WYATT and his Circle. Edited by Kenneth Muir. *Liverpool U.P.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These are not just false starts and discarded fragments but some 50 unpublished poems of much the same variable quality as those we already know of Wyatt's; and the best are really fine. They come from the Blage manuscript, in Trinity College, Dublin, an anthology of contemporary poems gathered by Sir George Blage who was a friend of Wyatt. Though Professor Muir has included some poems not by Wyatt he gives reasons for thinking that most of them are his, and for the unscholarly the tone and manner of the poems confirm his opinion. In spirit, Wyatt is much nearer to the present day than many more recent poets, and once the minor difficulties of spelling and of the few archaic words have been overcome the best of the poems speak directly to modern readers. It isn't easy to say why. In part it must be that they are intended seriously as communications, that for Wyatt writing in verse was not divorced from the ordinary responsibilities of speaking. Two of the poems that bear directly on public events are

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SID CHAPLIN

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'Real and true and vivid. Every line of Mr Chaplin's story about life in a big Northern industrial city carries conviction.' *Peter Forster.* 'A novel which nobody should miss.' *Sunday Times.* 'Mr Chaplin makes the darkness luminous. He is a genuine creator. There are some splendid comic passages.' *Observer* 18*s*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

as cautious as politicians' memoirs, though vastly outdoing them in vivid registration. Wyatt barely survived the purge trials leading to the execution of five of his fellow-courtiers, alleged to be Ann Boleyn's paramours, which he watched through a grating of his cell in the Tower:

The Axe ys home, your hedys be in the stret,

he writes, after invoking each of the five and expressing his sorrow, though in words not incompatible with his hope of recovering the King's favour. In the other poem he makes simple personal statements –

These blodye days haue brokyn my hart;
My lust, my youth dyd then departe –

with his characteristic colloquialism to enance the effect:

The bell towre showed me suche syght
That in my hed stekys day and nyght.

Even in the more lyrical poems he manages to retain the voice of a man speaking. In the midst of reproaches to a faithless girl, which we might be tempted to take as 'just poetry', he suddenly refers for proof of her former vows to letters he is keeping in which she says where and when she was writing and speaks of her fear of being observed. He gets in this way a curious fusion between the public tone of a poem for circulation and private speech with one person.

Besides the new poems, the Blage manuscript gives better variants of some of Wyatt's familiar poems, several of them printed here in full. This small book is therefore an appendix to the Collected Poems edited by Professor Muir 12 years ago, and much of it will presumably be incorporated in a future edition of Wyatt. The Introduction and notes are helpful and unobtrusive. How the significance of the Blage manuscript for Wyatt came to be overlooked for so long is not explained, but it is exciting to be offered, after an interval of 400 years, a series of forgotten poems by a writer of major interest.

D. W. HARDING

Gold and Slaves

1

Slavery in Classical Antiquity. Edited by M. I. FINLEY. *Heffer.* 15*s.*

In the past the analysis of ancient slavery has been subject to four typical confusions. It has been assumed that every labour status can usefully be labelled either free or serf or slave; scrappy information from different times and places has been used as if it referred to a single well-defined institution; historical description of the facts has been heavily coloured by moral disapprobation of slavery as such; and lastly, the whole discussion has got entangled with a Marxist-anti-Marxist political dispute about the universality of the class struggle.

During the last few years Mr Finley and his colleagues at Cambridge have been making a determined effort to achieve objectivity by giving the whole argument a more up-to-date sociological framework. It is now being stressed that the antithesis 'free versus unfree' is far too simple and that the nature of either category must depend upon the political and economic context to which it refers. We must ask much more precise questions: not, 'What is the difference between a chattel slave and a helot?', but rather 'In the general context of Ancient Greece, what are the political and economic concomitants of helotry as opposed to chattel slavery?' And, in any particular situation, what kinds of right are enjoyed by the 'free' which are denied to the 'unfree'? After all the very notion of freedom could hardly be formulated except by way of contrast. 'The cities in which individual freedom reached its highest expression – most obviously Athens – were cities in which chattel slavery flourished'. Is this accident or necessary consequence?

Mr Finley has assembled key papers from British, American, French and German learned journals with dates ranging from 1924 to 1959. Those topics which are particularly prominent are: the wide variety of distinctions which separate freedom from unfreedom, the numbers, proportions and relative economic importance of free and unfree labourers, the sources of the unfree population, Greek moral attitudes towards slavery, and causes of the ultimate decline of slave institutions. The absence of any paper dealing with the relations between Roman slavery and Christianity is regrettable but is apparently due to language considerations. There is some overlap of subject matter but not much. Each chapter is a direct photostatic reproduction of the original article and includes the original pagination. By any standards the book is outstanding value for money; though designed as a university textbook it can be read with pleasure and fascination by anyone who has a general interest in the Classical world.

Indeed, it is precisely because the professional scholar has difficulty in disentangling ancient facts from modern prejudices that the amateur reader is constantly reminded of how close we are to those times. Today we can appreciate all too well the implications of Professor Vlastos's point that in Plato's

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totalitarian utopia the relationship of government to governed was indistinguishable from that of master to slave. Or again there is Miss M. L. Gordon's remark – in the earliest of all these papers – that 'the growth of the [Roman] empire had a background of human suffering which is unimaginable in its degree and extent'. It seems worth reflecting that since those words were written more slave lives have been squandered in the heart of Western Civilisation than perished in the whole millennium of Classical Antiquity.

EDMUND LEACH

2

The Slaves of Timbuktu. By ROBIN MAUGHAM. *Longmans.* 25*s.*

In the year of Yuri Gagarin some may think it odd to call any purely terrestrial journey an exploration, especially when it was an unhurried, not very hazardous trip of a few weeks, by land rover and car ferry, from Dakar to Timbuktu. Yet that is not a bad word for Robin (now Viscount) Maugham's adventure in January and February 1959. Nor was it wrong for him to place himself, as it were, in the tradition of (non-missionary) African exploration by interlarding his narrative, which is in the form of a diary, with chunks of material about Mungo Park, Major Laing, René Caillié, Dr Barth and Félix Dubois.

The result is a remarkably interesting book. Timbuktu is one of those places which have had a double history, as reality and as myth, with the latter much the more important. From almost accidental beginnings about the year 1100, it quickly rose to be the centre of trans-Sahara trade. In the 16th century it had a population of perhaps 100,000 and a fabulous reputation for wealth and even for learning. Thereafter its fortune was one of pretty steady decline, which became nearly total when the slave trade was declared illegal in the 19th century. Lord Maugham's first impression was of a 'vast, grey ruin', an impression which soon came into sharper focus:

> Today only 7,000 people live in this derelict city sprawling beneath the great dunes of the Sahara to the north. And each day the sand creeps in . . . slowly and imperceptibly rising.

Timbuktu has been a legendary city to Europeans for over 400 years, and as with all legendary cities (ancient Sparta, for example), the legend rests on an ambivalence. Trade across the Sahara supplied the North African coast (and from there the Muslim world, and sometimes the Christian world) with gold and slaves, the two commodities possessing an unrivalled capacity to attract and repel people simultaneously. Gold and slaves also help to explain the long inaccessibility: the coastal chieftains prevented Europeans from going inland because they feared a take-over of their end of the lucrative traffic. Inaccessibility in turn contributed to the legend, both by itself and by stimulating the mythopoeic explorations of the 19th century.

The search for slaves took Lord Maugham to Timbuktu. Accompanied by Mr Michael Davidson, an experienced foreign correspondent, and by Niang, a young Senegalese, he found what he wanted with surprising ease. All that was really required was a little toughness, a little cash, patience and a lot of practical wisdom. One had to know whom to talk to, and how. With French administrators there was one technique.

> . . . we had been assured by the British Consul in Dakar that if we did *not* call on the head Frenchman in each district that we visited we would automatically be suspected of being spies, spreaders of sedition, or – worse still – investigators from the United Nations.

Not all the administrators turned out like that; but none would have produced what the party wanted. The answer obviously lay with Saba ('a solemn pimp') and with *la petite* Lalla, who knew everybody.

Within a day Saba brought along a 44-year-old ex-slave who had purchased his own freedom, and the next day a 'small dignified man of about 60', a slave from birth, living in Timbuktu where he grew water-melons and out of the proceeds paid his master in the desert a yearly head-tax and an occasional 'present'.

> 'I still belong to my master,' Ba'ana said. 'And so do my four children. I know that the law today prevents my master from forcing my sons to go back to him. But if my master sent for them they would feel bound to go, for they know they are slaves.'

This 'slave-at-heart' theme recurs, backed by two more external and more readily accessible factors, the age-old brutality of the slave owners and the fear of what would happen when the French finally departed. And even while still there, French administrators seemed powerless in the desert. The slave market of Timbuktu no longer exists, but *la petite* Lalla easily arranged the necessary contacts in the desert, and the party drove out to the Tuareg camp. Outside each tent Negro slave women were hard at work.

> Inside each tent, watching their slaves with listless eyes . . . , the wives and daughters of the Tuareg masters lay like sea-lions after feeding-time at the zoo, reclining in an endless vigil of inactivity.

There the expedition was completed. A 20-year-old named Ibrahim was bought, with his permission, for a little less than £40 and given his freedom. 'Because the thing we are investigating is illegal, our investigations have been illegal'. The Tuaregs seemed far less nervous; at least they showed no reluctance to having the payment scene photographed.

That this could be done comes as no surprise to anyone who, for example, has read publications of the Anti-Slavery Society (whose assistance Lord Maugham acknowledges). But that is not the point. This book is not a tract, but something far more impelling. It is an account of a highly personal experience, told in Lord Maugham's easy prose, which makes much use of dialogue to evoke the people with whom he dealt and suggest the complicated historical and tribal background, not only of slavery but of this part of western Africa in general.

It is not the book Lord Maugham wanted to write. His original interest was in Arabia, where slavery is still an open, legal institution, fed from various Muslim areas including Western Sudan. But Arabia, he discovered, is out of bounds; even several newspaper editors whom he approached were frightened, they said, 'of the political implications'. *The People* finally commissioned two articles, but that did not get him entry into the country. So he went to Timbuktu instead, and I doubt if the other story could have been a more interesting one.

M. I. FINLEY

The latest news about the 'birth' pill

There has been a lot of publicity lately about 'birth' pills—but do you know the *facts* about them? During the development and testing of these pills a lot of valuable facts have emerged—about the effectiveness of the pills, the possible side-effects, how and when they should be taken, how much they are likely to cost. If you would like to have the latest information about these pills, you will find it in the free booklet entitled "Modern Family Planning". Sensibly written in simple language, this booklet sets out to explain all that married people need to know about all the various family planning methods. It can answer all your questions, relieve your anxiety—and contribute a great deal to the happiness and harmony of your marriage.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Cock-a-Double-Do

A. J. AYER

It has been done at last. For the first time in this century a single team has won 'the double'—both the Football League Championship and the FA Cup. Arsenal came near it in the thirties; Manchester United looked almost certain to achieve it four seasons ago; Wolverhampton Wanderers, who won the cup last year, were within a point of heading the league. Last Saturday Tottenham Hotspur brought it off. They had already won the league championship with a total of points which equalled the record set up by Arsenal 30 years ago; they had achieved the record number of wins in the League, including a record run of 11 matches at the opening of the season; their performance in away matches had given them yet another record. By defeating Burnley in the semi-final they had eliminated their most dangerous rivals for the cup. Leicester City whom they had to meet in the final were quite a formidable team. In league matches, though the Spurs had beaten them at Leicester, they had lost to them at home; in fact, Leicester were the first team to win at Tottenham this season. Nevertheless, the experts almost unanimously picked the Spurs to win.

The experts were right. The Spurs did win by two goals to nothing, but though a famous it was not a magnificent victory. On the day, as one of the Leicester players said a little sourly after the match, the Spurs were not 'super'. There have been many occasions this season when the Tottenham cock has had better reason to crow. They were not noticeably nervous, but they did seem rather jaded. The strain of living up to their reputation throughout the long league programme had taken its toll of them. Blanchflower, their right-half and captain, who more than anyone has been responsible for the team's success, looked a little tired; Mackay, the other wing-half, lacked something of his usual drive; the inside-forwards, White and Allen, were both a little out of touch. In fact, the Spurs owed their victory mainly to what some critics had thought to be their only possible weakness, their defence. In particular, their left-back, Henry, played a superb game. On this form, he deserves to play for England; it can only be the reluctance of the England selectors to disturb a winning team that keeps him out of the World Cup.

The Spurs lost the championship last season, when they seemed to have it won, because their mid-field play was let down by their finishing; they made the openings but failed to score the goals. This is an old fault of theirs, which even in this triumphant season has occasionally cost them matches that they could have won. For a long time on Saturday it looked as if this were again going to be their downfall. One wondered if a goal would ever come. White missed an easy chance in the opening minutes; just before half-time Jones had what seemed to be a good goal disallowed for off-side; Allen and Dyson missed open goals in the second half. It was not until the last quarter of the game that Smith, the centre-forward, beat a Leicester defender skilfully on the turn and scored with a shot which the goalkeeper had no chance to save. This goal was decisive. The Spurs belatedly took charge of the game, and it was no surprise when the left-winger, Dyson, headed a second goal to make their victory complete.

The greatest fear of the Spurs' supporters before the game had been that an injury at Wembley would rob their team of the double; as it did Manchester United four years ago. In the event, the game was marred by injury, but by an injury to one of the Leicester players. After less than 20 minutes, the Leicester right-back, Chalmers, hurt his leg in a tackle; he stayed bravely on the field, but was only a passenger at outside-left. For more than three-quarters of the game the Leicester side was practically reduced to ten men. Under this handicap, they played extremely well. Banks in goal, McLintock, the right-half who took Chalmers' place at back, and King, the centre-half, were outstanding; but the whole defence was resolute, and the forwards often threatened to break through, especially in the opening period of the second half. Leicester are not a conspicuously artistic side, but they are strong and fit and thrustful, in the tradition of midland English football. If, as is probable, they deputise for the Spurs in the European Cup-Winners' Cup next season, since the Spurs as League champions will be competing in the European Cup, and can hardly manage both, they should do very well.

It is idle to speculate what would have happened if Chalmers had not been injured. What can be said is that it is intolerable that the Cup Final should be vitiated year after year by injuries of this kind. This is surely an occasion on which it should be allowable to introduce substitutes, as it already is in many international matches, at least up to half time. There would have to be safeguards to prevent abuses, but they should not be very hard to devise.

How good is this Spurs side? Are they the team of the century, in merit as well as in achievement? By the very highest standards, they are not a team of stars. Blanchflower is a very great player, at his zenith the best wing-half that I have ever seen, but he is nearing the end of his career. Of the others only Jones, a wing-forward with the speed and swerve of a rugby three-quarter, could clearly command a place in a current world eleven. Of course they have good players besides these. Norman is a dominating centre-half. Mackay can play like a tornado. Though White is erratic, his intelligent play at inside-forward has won the team many of its matches; he has the positional sense of a great player. Smith, who is now the England centre-forward, has played better this year than he ever has before. He is a clumsy-looking footballer, and there are periods when nothing will go right for him, but he has more skill than one might think and he rises splendidly to an occasion. In the semi-final as well as in the final of the Cup, and in the critical league match with Sheffield Wednesday, which settled the championship for the Spurs, it was his well-taken goals that turned the scale.

Nevertheless, it is not so much to the individual merits of the players as to their team work that the Spurs owe their extraordinary success. They have kept very nearly the same side for two seasons, and they have in this season been very little disturbed by injuries. The result is that they have achieved a remarkable understanding. In their use of the open space, they resemble the famous Spurs team which won the league championship ten years ago. But whereas the 1950 eleven relied, under Arthur Rowe's management, exclusively on 'push and run', a style which is very beautiful to watch when it is successful but one which makes very heavy demands upon the players' energy, the present team has been able to blend this 'continental' style with the English long-passing method. One of their most considerable achievements has been their ability to pace a game, to conserve their energy between bouts of pressure: it has repeatedly brought them goals in quick succession. For this they owe much to their manager, Bill Nicholson, who was himself a member of the 1950 team, but still more, I think, to their captain, Danny Blanchflower, whose control of them on the field has always been intelligent and sure. At their best, I think they have been superior to any English team since the war, though the Manchester United side, which was broken by the Munich air crash, ran them very close. I am not sure that they are better than the great Arsenal sides of the thirties, though it is perhaps in their favour that the game is probably played nowadays at a faster pace.

How will they fare next season in the European Cup? A fast, hard-tackling side like some of the West German teams might throw them out of their rhythm. Against a team of artists like Real Madrid, their own artistry should flourish. I cannot wager that they will beat Real Madrid; but if at any stage they are drawn against them, it should be a wonderful game to watch.

Funny Little Fellows

V. S. PRITCHETT

How long does it take for the blood to dry and for a murder to settle comfortably into the landscape? In the case of Crippen 50 years does not seem to be quite enough. Ethel le Neve is still alive. Mr Wolf Mankowitz has been accused of bad taste in turning the Crippen-le Neve story into what he calls a music-hall musical – *Belle* at the Strand – but since a good deal of sympathy for Crippen has grown up in the course of time, it is natural for Mr Mankowitz to say he cares less for taste than for compassion; and that, anyway, he has revived 'the late Joys' of the Bedford Music Hall, for any sugaring of the pill that might be needed. That is the bother: the sugaring. Half of *Belle* is vigorous; the other half is not tasteless but tasty. With the exception of one song, the book is enfeebled by sophistication and pastiche. The mixture is uncomfortable. The story is seen as it might have been touched on in 1910 by the stars of the Bedford: George Lasher, Jenny Pearl and Mighty Mick, the 'five foot nothing' comic of the house. George Benson's Crippen, delicately null, is another Mr Pooter. Bemused by dignity, addled by incompetence, his sheep's eyes startled by passion under their pince-nez, he is occasionally jolted by a fact he had not reckoned with

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Here, indeed, is enchantment for the ear and eye!

– that blood is thicker than water when you use a handsaw on your wife. Mr Benson uttered this thought well; murder may be a fluke, but disposal is the beginning of ruin.

At this point, one realised what 50 years of crime fiction has done to the Victorian and Edwardian feeling for a good old British murder. Decadence has set in. Where our forbears wallowed, we are arch. I have no doubt that the audience at the Old Bedford was as sentimental as we are but, given a good corpse, they expected and got something more than Mr Mankowitz has abstracted from their annals: a rich and soupy lugubriousness, for example, spasms of horror, a gaudy sense of sin, the drip of blood, the bosom ripped by remorse, and the proper amount of eye-rolling self-righteousness. Only once, when the excellent Davy Kaye – who really carries the show – sang 'Isn't it a Shame', did the ambiguous popular moralisings of Camden Town break through. Crippen remained 'the funny little fellow' who did not know what he intended and who, in a touching burst of nostalgia, could only wish he was back in the Michigan he came from. It is true that Mr Jerry Desmonde, in his polished way, conveyed several shades of meaning and sentiment in that word 'funny', and we all laughed. But not altogether happily; we were thinking of that earlier moment when Mr Benson had picked up the saw and, after playing a few wistful notes on its teeth, went down to the cellar.

Messrs Norman and Mankowitz, the authors, were playing for our sympathy. But the splendid sets and costumes, the dances, the bits of pantomime, had all the vitality: all the 'go' of the piece was in those cheerful thighs and bottoms, those ravishing stockings and black suspenders, those blossoming drawers and flounces. Here was the Life Force, Belle's gorgeous world of Cockney blaze and booze and the undisguised suggestion that if a girl doesn't get what she wants she will take what she's got to the colonies and sell it dear. Rose Hill, as Belle, was sumptuously vulgar. Not much, she richly conveyed, would be left of Dr Crippen when she crawled home, full of stout at four in the morning swinging her enormous red hat, and made plain to him, on that brass bedstead, that he had better give up all idea of a night's sleep. She was marvellously murderable and such a flirt with the poison. Miss Virginia Vernon played the embarrassing part of Ethel le Neve with a sweetness that had the right amount of silliness and duplicity. She knew what she wanted, too. She would just rather not think of unpleasant things and if the doctor had thoughts of what was in the cellar, her 'woman's instinct' told her he was 'thinking of the other woman'.

The show sweetened, saddened and romped until Ethel and Crippen got on the ship and then it began to die of its own habits. The Dit-Dit song of the Morse code was not strong enough to hold it; the rope dance was so gallows-shy that it looked like a hornpipe and the final charade of the trial was nothing but scraps. I am sure the Old Bedford and Victorian melodrama knew more about the murder business than this and it is odd that Mr Mankowitz left half the heart strings untouched, even in pastiche. The best things in *Belle* were the noise and colour; surpassing all was Davy Kaye's inspired performance as a one-man-band who just manages, by sheer frenzy, to triumph over anxiety and the apparatus that trusses him. And now – since taste is out – what about making Christie tasty? There was funny little Haig, too.

Elemental Threats

JOHN WILLETT

The Arts Council's ground-floor rooms at 4 St James's Square will be occupied till 3 June by a good but small-scale exhibition of the works of Ernst Barlach, borrowed from public and private collections in West Germany. Its only conspicuous shortcoming is that it does so little to remind us that Barlach was also a writer. There are drawings and prints that refer to his plays, but one or two photographs of stage productions might have done more to bring out his double achievement.

His drawings are often like a cross between Kokoschka and Moore: solid but expressive figures stroked into shape by the charcoal as if by a modelling tool. Wonderful woodcuts (as with all the Expressionists). In the bronzes a continual battle of forces: nearly always a high wind, an elemental threat of some sort, coming diagonally from above. The figures, heavily draped, often harnessed to earth by their cloaks, seem to thrust forward or recoil buffeted. Slit eyes, high cheekbones, thin lips, the forms massive, the draperies sharp-cut. No obvious influences, only a slight similarity to the Indian and Negro sculpture in which he had an early interest: a touch also perhaps of Daumier, whose work 'made a most powerful impression' on him in the winter of 1907-8. An extraordinarily personal artist, pessimistic but with a certain Gothic humour. Within his limits very full of life. Only his later works begin to get a little mannered; his more official and ecclesiastical sculptures of the Weimar period, though they were among those attacked by the Nazis, for the most part hardly show him at his best.

His aim, so he told a critic in 1911, was 'to give true plastic expression to all that is elemental in the low-German character (so well known to me from earliest youth)'. Low-German, ie, north German, from the harsh, bare country up towards the Baltic. And certainly this is the flavour of his figures, as also of his plays. But what actually fired him was a trip in 1906 to Russia, where his brother worked as an engineer near Kharkov. Vast open spaces dotted with beggars or quarrelsome cabmen, the feeling of a defeated revolution still in the air: a very strong impression emerges from his diary notes. A sense of boundlessness, he called it: boundlessness in which the human element could only survive as a firmly-shaped, crystallised creation, if it was to be grasped at all. A sense, again, of the steppe in autumn, scoured by a bitter north wind:

> Peasants in extraordinary coats, garments of strangely uniform antediluvian shapes, one could almost say cut pachyderm-fashion . . . The skinny exterior broken up and falling into folds and creases, draped one way or another so as ruthlessly to cover up all anatomical subtleties and different ways of motion, and thereby to evoke a simplified human type.

All he had to do after that was to turn such descriptions into porcelain or bronze, with the results that we see in his Russian figures of 1906-8, in the 'Village Fiddler' of 1914 and thenceforth in his whole lifelong style.

His concern with the human being (very firmly re-emphasised when his publisher Piper in 1911 sent him a copy of Kandinsky's *Uber das Geistige in der Kunst*) links him to the Millet-Daumier-Meunier tradition; and

yet he felt quite divorced from 'European liberalism' and close to the Russians' mysterious primitiveness, which demanded its own form of expression. 'What I saw in humanity', he wrote, 'was the element of damnation, of witchcraft, but also the basic essence. How could I represent that by common or garden naturalism?'

Ideologically, too, he was an individual mixture, willing to believe in a kind of communism in 1919, but not in Soviet dictatorship or any prospect of happiness and justice; ready to tell friends to join the Nazi party in 1934, but not to do so himself. And so the ideologists have always regarded him with suspicion. The case of his posthumous treatment in East Germany is particularly interesting, as he was at one time condemned by the Communist party press there for his pessimism, his formalism and his 'decadent' view of Russia. If his reputation seems to have survived this, and if there is now a good school of figurative sculptors in East Germany, it is largely due to the insistence of men like Brecht who saw the pettiness of such arguments when set against the grandeur and intensity of Barlach's work. The fact that such qualities can still override the short-term political view is perhaps a reason for modified rejoicing. It is an incidental argument for trying to appreciate their force.

Four Cheers for Israel

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Masochists may take some pleasure in *Exodus* at the Astoria, which replaces *The Alamo*, which replaced, I think, that first of the torments, *Round the World in Eighty Days*. We are told that the film *Exodus* is not nearly as bad as the novel; but that's small consolation. It lasts almost four hours. In this modern Old Testament story, Israel is coming back to the Promised Land, and all they do is right and all everyone else may do is wrong. Thus the British in mandate and the Arabs in occupation are Philistines to be worsted. Most of the punches are pulled about the British – since, after all, this film has been made to net millions – and the Arab question is left on the circumference. We are in, emotionally, at the re-birth of a state.

That is, we should be. But the *kitsch* is so heavily laid on, what with Nordic Jews, a nursing American heroine, a hardly less American captain, and a blonde 16-year-old orphan whose throat is due to be slit by Arabs, that all the persuasiveness of location can't acclimatise them. The first part has Ralph Richardson as a reluctant British General (and his reluctance comes at least in part from the lines he has to speak); there's a hunger strike of immigrants held up by the British, which is well done in a sure-winner way, and a good deal of covering of aims and problems, which would be more impressive if the thread were less novelettish.

Part two, with the battle for the Holy Land, becomes frankly a thriller, second-rate at that. Irgun blows up a hotel – admirable! They are rounded up by the British – swine! And not even the presence of Felix Aylmer as head of an Israeli college (harbouring arms) can balance matters. What kind of muddled impressions will the enormous audiences carry away? Hard to guess. But to the outsider it is chilling to meet this exploitation of a subject-matter that demands the strictest self-discipline.

Such a discipline does inform *The Nazi Crimes and Punishments*, distributed by Astral: yet another newsreel documentary of Hitlerism, centred upon the Nuremberg trials. This film comes from West Germany, directed by Felix von Podmanitzky, with Joe J. Heydecker and Johannes Leeb as script-writers. We get a close view of the trial and flashbacks of events leading up to it. On the whole this is a better film than the Swedish *Mein Kampf*, of narrower compass historically but closer-knit, even though some darting to-and-fro in time may war against clarity. It contains a good deal of new material, including some semi-nudist bathing shots of Eva Braun taken by Hitler himself. One hesitates, with Eichmann still in the dock, to recommend even a film as impeccably made as this; but it certainly deserves the distribution that has hitherto been refused it.

Franco Rossi's *Death of a Friend* (Jacey in the Strand) covers the now familiar stamping-ground of Roman tarts: tarts, as one might guess, dreamed up by Steinberg and stunning in their magnificent grossness. Didi Perego gives a matchless performance, especially with food or a man placed before her. Our initiation into this night-world is sardonic. The tone changes with the two pimp-heroes to a struggle between darkness and light (in what may seem a neutralising twilight) that can end only in death. It is glitteringly done, conventionally rounded off. Its merit is that, working over old material, it insists on its own values.

The National Film Theatre's revival of British thrillers brings some pre-Hollywood Hitchcock. In *Young and Innocent* (16, 17 May) murder starts the gayest of sprees when a Chief Constable's daughter (Nova Pilbeam) helps an escaped prisoner (Derrick de Marney). Laughter spreads more than it did, romance comes artlessly, and there's true horripilation in the nigger-minstrel drummer with a give-away twitch.

Images of Yeats

Yeats, like Byron, was a poet who sought romance in reality, and reality in romance, and whose life and art are a single composition. The remarkable exhibition showing till 3 June at the Whitworth Art Gallery in Manchester, 'Images of a Poet', enables one to trace the growing magnificence of Yeats's personality from gangly youth to aquiline age, and it shows that Maud Gonne, John O'Leary and Con Markiewicz were in real life almost as splendid as his poetic images of them. There are also fascinating sections on his work for the theatre and the pictorial sources of his symbolism, as well as a very fine collection of books and manuscripts. The exhibition owes much to the generous collaboration of Mrs Yeats and to loans from many art galleries, universities and private persons. The very catalogue, with contributions by Professor Kermode and by Professor D. J. Gordon in collaboration with Mr Iain Fletcher, is an important contribution to Yeats scholarship. It costs only five shillings, and should be bought by any Yeats enthusiast who cannot make the pilgrimage to Manchester. The exhibition will also be on show in Dublin from 17 June to 1 July.

G. S. FRASER

East is West

At present in London are two exhibitions of art from communist countries. Neither exhibition contains social realist styles. The lithographs from the Leningrad Experimental Graphics Laboratory at the Grosvenor Gallery, all recent, allude to Renoir, Daumier and Chagall; there are also pastiches of Matisse. They are all in styles developed before 1920. Yet the medium of lithography, which invites free, bold drawing and simple design in flat areas of colour, casts anyone who uses it into the mainstream of modern art. Even so, these lithographers, working under union supervision, are very unadventurous.

The variety of styles among the Yugoslavs at the Tate indicates that they are free to work as they please. Though it is tempting to look for the influence of climate and national

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character, such influences are faint, and so thickly overlaid by international modern art that they hardly seem to matter. Nevertheless certain general characteristics of a different nature do appear. Whether figurative or not, the paintings have a similar speed. Artists as different as Hegedusic, with lugubrious figurative pictures, and Protic, with largely non-figurative work, are drawn to similar flat shapes tilted slightly within the rectangle to make a slow movement of forms. There is also a slowness, so to speak, in the way they put on the paint. Glika and Petrovic, for example, seem to worry the paint long after their statement is made, while Kulmer's canvases, built up with black and red paint taken half-dry from the palette, show this compulsion pushed further to create sombre, nervous objects. There are exceptions. Other artists, relying on traditional sensuous sources (the nude, sweet colour, fruit), are less gloomy and constrained; and Stupica's ironical drawing, emancipated by Dubuffet's example, is disruptive and swift.

But the general impression is sombre, slow and tentative – which is not what some people would expect of artists involved in a social revolution. But surely we should expect it. After the revolution the main task is reconstruction and development, and these demand stability. If an artist continues to take part in the revolution, he may find himself out of step. His jokes, affronts and declarations of love go wrong or sour. It is a time for the propagandist or the satirist, not for the independent man, the privateer. The present artists seem uncomfortable in the latter role and this may account for the academic modernism of both these exhibitions.

VICTOR WILLING

Verdi from Wales

The Welsh National Opera Company's one-week season at Sadler's Wells opened last Monday in high spirits and battle-dress, with a production of Verdi's *La Battaglia di Lengano* in which the setting of the opera was translated to the Italy of the Second World War. The modernisation is a threefold nonsense – operatic, aesthetic and political – but the general character of the original is retained, and this is the first British production in any form. The composition of the opera immediately preceded that of *Luisa Miller*, and there are a number of things in the score which point to the great and famous operas that followed. Despite the political background (old or new), *The Battle* is far from being an impersonal patriotic manifesto. The characters live in the music. Lida's Act 1 Cavatina, with its brave *allegro* conclusion, brings her to life at once. It is a real woman who answers, *dolce cantabile*, the doltish rebukes of Arrigo in Act 1, and who entrusts a letter to her friend Imelda in Act 3. The reputation of the massed choral scenes is well-deserved, and the crypt scene is a masterpiece. But there is something rather odd about the abrupt conclusion to the final chorus. It is unlike Verdi to draw in his wings at such a point; yet no cut has been made. Indeed a neglected opera of this kind can seldom have been revived with so sparing a use of the scissors. That is a worthy tribute to the music, and one which a good cast, together with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra under Charles Groves, ably support. If someone would now return the opera to its proper 12th-century setting, imagination could once again play the part that Verdi intended.

DAVID DREW

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,629 **Set by D. R. Peddy**

The usual prizes are offered for an extract from an appeal on behalf of 'The Week's Not-So-Good Cause'. Limit 150 words.

Result of No. 1,626 **Set by Columba**

Some of the most remarkable personalities in English journalism were sent to cover the Eichmann trial, including Rebecca West, James Morris, Cassandra, Colin Welch (late of 'Peter Simple'), George Gale *(Daily Express)*, Hugh Trevor-Roper and Donald Edgar *(Evening Standard)*. Imagine any one of these in the Gagarin space suit; the usual prizes for the opening sentences (not more than five) of their report from space.

Report

Predictably enough, this proved to be a tough one. There were many merry peeps into space, but few of the entries got really close to the given writers. Hugh Trevor-Roper seems to have defied parody; Cassandra was popular, but there were few hits. Stephen Sedley's entry, which was good *Express* stuff, might be said to lack the true Gale force.

Thoughts from space were egocentric and earthbound. James Morris longed for Venice, or 'the honest languorous earthiness of Huddersfield' (E. H. Pollitt). Rebecca West (R. Kennard Davis) wondered that sun and earth 'imitated so exactly the shapes on my nursery globe, ludicrously admiring the prescient skill of the cartographers.'

Two guineas to Charles Monaghan for a fine purple effort: one guinea each for the other entries printed. Runners-up: E. H. Pollitt and R. Kennard Davis.

JAMES MORRIS

In the logic of my mind's eye, I have always pictured the unfathomable reaches of outer space as a lush, velvet gulistan carpet pocked with a seemingly dancing yet curiously balanced pattern imposed by the light of faraway stars. Dreams – combinations of science fiction legend and the fulsome burgeonings of my own imagination – intensified what I knew by logic and added a touch of *grotesquerie* to my speculations. But a bittersweet irony struck me today as I . . .

CHARLES MONAGHAN

REBECCA WEST

Now my projectile was mounting through clouds and blue air, the clouds thinned and vanished and the blue thinned and darkened, and then there was no air and no light, only blackness and emptiness and silence like the blackness and emptiness and silence that must have possessed the mind of Ivan the Terrible when the last portal had been bolted, the last heavy curtain drawn, and he was alone with the truth about his ambition and ruthlessness and heroism. It is strange, it is terrifying, but it is releasing too, to be alone with a nothing such as that. For it was nothing. 'It is nothing,' I had told my husband as he stood picking his teeth at my departure, waiting for the moment that was to separate us, to send us off, him horizontally and myself vertically, at the most equilateral right angle of its kind that had been described till now, waiting, it occurs to me, to get a word in edgewise. Then, quite suddenly, the arm-rests beneath my elbows and the cushioning beneath my hitherto always perceptible presence were attenuated, they became insubstantial, they were not there. This was weightlessness, I told myself, I was released for the first time from the old, ceaseless tugging of the earth on all terrestrial things; and once again a parallel suggests itself with the sexual fantasies of unfulfilled women from whom the inward burden that is their right has been withheld, and who seek release from their perpetual quest in visionary free flight.

E. M. CAMPION

GEORGE GALE

This is Expressman-on-the-spot George Gale calling Britain from space. Please report to Lord Beaverbrook, to whom goes the credit for this achievement, that I'm safe and well.

The first thing is that you can dismiss all the stories about Germans having had a hand in getting me up here.

Below me lies the earth, and right across it I can pick out member countries of our Empire. Over on my left the sun is setting . . .

STEPHEN SEDLEY

CASSANDRA

I believe in Man the Almighty, master of the first 197 miles to Heaven measured vertically from a heap of bones at Belsen; in supersaturated pyrethrochlorotoluene, his only reliable Space fuel; and especially in the diamond-hard, unfusable skin of Cosmoship K-1, which brought my hollow tooth and me back to what will henceforward be even more of a drab bore – life on Earth. I have returned from the dark night of the troposphere, the stratosphere and the ionosphere, where no man ventured before this day. And, alone out there, I shook hands with my soul. Only two hours ago I loathed my quivering guts as I sweated in palpitating, cringing terror, awaiting the irrevocable take-off, but now, by Mars, Venus, Jupiter and all the starry studs in blacker velvet than ever draped a coffin, I am back alive – delirious, uncontrollably elated, perhaps even God tapping at a Remington portable.

TED UPDALE

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

All the greater universities have schools of agriculture or agricultural research departments. But Bristol is outstanding among them all for the work which it does, at Long Ashton Research Station, on cider and perry. There is nothing new about it; it has been going on for half a century or more. The red-letter day every year for those engaged in it, from the professor at the head of the department and his D.Sc's and Ph.D's to the laboratory assistants and orchard workers, is the annual occasion for cider tasting, likewise an old institution.

Disregarding mead, cider is our oldest beverage and it was to make it that apple-trees were first planted in Britain. The work at Long Ashton consists in selecting apple varieties from the enormous number in cultivation, so that the grower knows what to plant for a given result; in producing stocks of those varieties which, if not entirely virus-free shall be free of those viruses which debilitate the trees; in finding out how to care for the trees so that they will produce large and regular crops of high quality; in finding

out the best way to produce sound, wholesome and readily saleable ciders and perrys of stable quality.

The work involves the use of numerous sciences, including virology, bacteriology, mycology and bio-chemistry. As always when science is applied to a craft which deals in living organisms, the object of the research, albeit not confessed in so many words, must be to discover and standardise practices yielding a result as nearly as possible on a level with that obtained by those empiricists, more numerous in the past than now, whose work is superlative, but whose methods cannot be generalised because they depend on an incommunicable quality of judgment.

This year's tasting was held in the new refectory, which stands among fruit-trees growing in a fine sward. A score of tables with a dozen chairs to each, set facing the platform; to each table a set of labelled bottles; to each set of bottles a steward with an opener; to each taster two glasses, a slop-jug and a provision of cheese to clear the palate. On the platform some of the Station brass, and to introduce his ciders and perrys, Dr Pollard, whose science is at the service of a humanism out of which has grown a taste for wine and music.

We began with perrys: the pear varieties, all of them ancient, have pleasant names. I noted *good* to a blend of Winnals Longdon and Hendry Huffcap which was brisk and medium dry. Teddington Green and Barnet blended yielded a perry which I found slightly *musque*. Best of all was a single-variety perry, aromatic, slightly sparkling, fruity, made with Garradine pears. There was no difference of opinion; Dr Pollard told us that the variety had been marked for propagation. He introduced and explained each group. The perrys and ciders were not necessarily presented as models for commerce; they were to demonstrate faults or virtues of particular varieties or blends; or to reveal the effects of, for example, a wet summer. Tasters were critical, knowing, sparing of praise. A group of perrys made from culled dessert pears in an experiment designed to make use of these rejects, was curtly dismissed with 'At least you've proved, sir, that perry cannot be made from dessert pears.'

We tasted unblended, single-variety ciders to discover which had too much or too little acid or tannin. 'Improved Dove' was applauded as yielding a balanced cider all by itself, and we were told that it was an old but scarce and local variety. Blended ciders included one each of three Hereford, three Somerset and three Devon varieties. For my palate the Devon blend of Sweet Alford, Tremlett's Bitter and Ellis Bitter was liveliest, but old hands favoured the Hereford blend for balance. A blend that offered a curiosity, being what was favoured 50 years ago but thought too hard and dry for 1961 palates, was pronounced best of all by three of us.

An agreeable occasion; pleasant to see cider treated as seriously as wine, as seriously as it deserves. I would, though, like to see another job added to the research programme: the restoration of superlative local ciders. There will have to be a paleopomologist on the staff. For, even a century ago, it was noted that cider was falling-off in quality; and in a report of the committee set up by the French government to consider this complaint, I read: 'The ciders of which old authors wrote in such glowing terms are scarcely to be met with now: such, for example, as the *Ecarlatin* . . . red as wine, sweet, piquant and as aromatic as if sugar and cinnamon had been used.'

COMPANY MEETING

PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

STATEMENT BY MR PETER F. SCOTT

The Annual General Meeting of the Provincial Insurance Company Limited will take place at Kendal at noon on the 26th day of May 1961. The following is an extract from the statement of the chairman, Mr. Peter F. Scott:—

The following table sets out the main features of this year's account with the corresponding figures for 1959:

	1960	*1959*
Premium income ...	£9,832,898	*£9,214,737*
Underwriting profit ...	138,893	*99,097*
Percentage of profit ...	1.4	*1.1*
Interest, dividends and rents	791,024	*685,263*
Sundry charges, less credits	71,511	*671,191*
Surplus before taxation	858,406	*113,169*
Taxation	364,725	*307,044*
Dividends (net) ...	313,218	*282,049*

Since, as I forecast last year, we have further pruned our Canadian business, the increase of premium income by £618,161, is not unsatisfactory. In Canada, though it would be premature to regard our difficulties as entirely at an end, I am very glad to say that during the past year the account has produced a small profit, and we are grateful to our Canadian managers for the efforts which have brought about this result.

Unhappily, our extensive operations in other overseas territories have involved an overall underwriting loss, attributable principally to South Africa, Australia and Venezuela. Good progress has been made in the Far East and in East Africa, and our Nigerian subsidiary, the *West African Provincial*, has contributed a useful initial profit.

At home our various departments have shown marked progress and, in general, reasonable profits, to which I am happy to say a substantial reduction in our management expenses has made an important contribution. We have always to contend with a natural tendency for costs to rise rather than to diminish, and have, indeed, introduced during the current year fresh salary scales, which will add considerably to our expenses. We are continuing our efforts to reduce our operating costs by improved methods and organisation.

FIRE DEPARTMENT

	PREMIUMS	UNDERWRITING PROFIT	PERCENTAGE OF PREMIUMS
1960	£1,600,514	£78,426	4.9
1959	*£1,569,711*	*£35,454*	*2.3*

For the second successive year our home underwriting results were spoiled by our share of the high cost of fire damage throughout the country, estimated at over £43m, quite apart from consequential trading losses; this figure is only slightly less than that of 1959 and is quite outside the range of experience of earlier years. To the wastage by fire were added, in the last three months of the year, widespread claims for damage by the serious floods which occurred chiefly in the southern and western parts of the country. Unfortunately, there was little relaxation in the pressure of competition on rates, and we must be close to the point – if we have not already reached it – where, far from being able to make concessions, we shall need more net premiums to meet rising claims costs. By way of contrast, our fire account overseas showed the best results for many years and has provided the greater part of the year's profit in this department.

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT (INCLUDING MOTOR)

	PREMIUMS	UNDERWRITING PROFIT	PERCENTAGE OF PREMIUMS
1960	£6,653,273	£60,467	0.9
1959	*£6,287,160*	*£63,643*	*1.0*

Once again, there was a fairly general increase in the many sections of business which make up the total, the largest being in the motor department. In the home motor account there was yet a further increase in the cost per claim, and although I am glad to say that we were able to make a profit, there appear to be no grounds for confidence that this annual increase in the claims costs can be stopped; higher rates of premium are already being applied to some sections of the account, and if the claims trend continues an all-round increase in rates will become inevitable. The results of other classes of home accident business were satisfactory, except in the goods-in-transit section. We transact a large volume of this business in which, indeed, we were amongst the pioneers. Increasing competition has, in some instances, forced rates to what have proved to be uneconomic levels at a time when the high number of theft claims, especially from haulage vehicles, is giving rise to serious concern. It is more than ever necessary to demand higher standards of security, not only by the fitting of efficient anti-theft devices to vehicles, but by the checking of references supplied by new employees, and by ensuring that valuable goods are entrusted to responsible carriers for safe delivery.

MARINE DEPARTMENT (INCLUDING AVIATION)

	PREMIUMS	MARINE FUND	PERCENTAGE OF PREMIUMS
1960	£1,579,111	£1,910,856	121
1959	*£1,357,866*	*£1,662,700*	*122*

The increased premium income reflects the recovery in world trade and the continued trend towards higher hull values in the aviation account as more jet aircraft come into commission.

I have referred previously to the deterioration in our results in underwriting years subsequent to 1954. I am glad to say that the lowest point in this trend was reached by a loss in the 1956 underwriting year, and that this loss was not so large that the directors have felt it necessary to make any compensatory transfers to the Marine Fund.

Although the account has recovered some degree of profitability, the future requires a cautious outlook.

The success of the Employee Shareholding Scheme which was launched in 1959, was emphasised by the number of further applications in 1960, when an additional 10,670 shares were taken up. The staff now own 53,690 ordinary shares in the Company, and I am sure that this number will be progressively increased in view of the very favourable terms on which the shares are available.

We gave much thought to the Government's scheme for supplementary pensions before deciding to contract out of it all members of the Company's Pension Fund over the age of 25. At the same time we decided to raise to 25 the age at which employees will in future become contributors to the Fund, thus increasing the 'take-home' pay of the younger members of our staff without diminishing their pension rights. This followed a further general reduction from 5% to 4% in the staff's contributions to the cost of their pensions, the Company's contribution being increased accordingly.

Our training college at Yealand Manor continues to flourish. During the year, no fewer than 275 of our staff passed through. An enthusiastic team of officials in Kendal is constantly revising existing courses and creating fresh ones to meet changing needs. We have put this pleasant country house at the disposal of staff, their families and friends, for holidays at moderate charges during periods of the summer when courses are not being held and we hope increasing use will be made of this facility.

The book value of our investments increased by £600,000 during the year, but the appreciation in their market value fell short of the peak figure reached at the end of 1959. Since the end of 1960, however, markets have again moved ahead strongly and we have shared in the movement.

Interest earnings and rents in 1960 at £791,000 gross showed an increase of £106,000 over the previous year, and the directors recommend a dividend of 2/4½d on the ordinary share, an increase of 3d per share. This dividend, less income tax, would amount to £294,843.

Before I end this brief review of the year's activities I would like to say a sincere 'thank you' to our management in Kendal and in London and at our home and overseas branches, and to all our staff for the loyal and enthusiastic way in which they have approached the problems of 1960. I am conscious of the singular difficulties that our managers overseas have had to face in recent years and it is a tribute to their effort and devotion, which I am all too glad to acknowledge, that our prospects overseas are brightening.

A Welsh Coxswain

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TAURUS

A fortnight ago, having sharply raised their weekly bid for Treasury bills, the discount houses were given a flick of the toy whip with which Grandma nowadays manages her team. Last week they raised it further and received another flick, playful but disturbing. The old lady finds it convenient to keep her beasts well-fed and glossy, but loves to torment them; and on these difficult matters, of course, she can scarcely know her own mind from one moment to the next.

Bank rate is no longer even a shadow of its old self. But the possibility of a change is still used as a symbol of all that is unknown and inexpressible in the business situation and is still solemnly debated from top to bottom of the City in much the same traditional form. In strict tradition there is almost nothing to be said in favour of a cut in Bank rate at the moment. The balance of payments is still in heavy deficit and improving only slowly; short-term funds, for all the central bankers' undertaking to trust one another within limits, are still moving out; the obstinate boom in equities and the renewed growth of the HP debt can both be taken to show that we are all addicts of inflation.

The government, it is true, is out of the red at last; but the floating debt has now become an important part of the country's financial machinery and can be reduced further only at the risk of causing the machinery to seize up. Almost the only traditional argument that can be found for cutting Bank rate is that a cut now would make it possible to raise it again later without going to an inconvenient (and expensive) level; but the time for giving that argument its head passed a couple of months ago.

What makes the City suspect that a cut is still possible, even against the whole trend of official economic policy, is the new fashion in international co-operation. Mr Kennedy and his men are anxious to get down interest rates, particularly long-term rates, for the sake of the ailing economy, but dare not risk another outflow of dollars into higher-yielding securities abroad. They have been trying hard to persuade other countries that interest rates are now a matter of international concern, and last week's cut in the German Bank rate – made, admittedly, for a mixture of reasons – will increase the pressure on Britain to move in the same direction. If a cut is made (and that is still completely in the balance), it will help to break up further the old, simple habits of City thought.

But it will have only a trifling effect on business and on the stock market. The gilt-edged market will harden this year if the government succeeds, despite Mr Lloyd, in keeping prices from rising, but the improvement is likely to be limited and more noticeable in medium- than in long-dated stocks. The American stockbrokers who have been putting their customers into War Loan are optimistic if they suppose that the government will use its Budget surplus to engineer a fall in long-term interest rates. It is not even likely to encourage local authorities to come to market and rid themselves, while the going is good, of their unwieldy burden of short-term debt. Local authorities are still regarded as left-wing spendthrifts, to be disciplined with a monetary convention under which a £10m issue, from as large an authority as Glasgow, can prove a technical failure and jam the tired old machinery of the capital market for weeks on end.

* * *

High, political discussions about Europe are being postponed until President Kennedy has seen the General, but technical talks are now going ahead merrily. The Anglo-French talks, largely about agricultural problems, went off well and are to be resumed next month; within the next few weeks Britain is to have discussions with its partners in the Seven and the Commonwealth, and the Six are to go into the problems raised by their ex-colonies in Africa. Mr Maudling is still muttering caution for the sake of his negotiating position, but British industry – to judge from public statements made by the recent head of the Federation of British Industries and the new chairman of General Electric – is growing impatient of diplomatic niceties.

* * *

The US is the largest consumer of most metals; US businessmen are beginning to stock up again, and metal prices are beginning to rise sharply. Copper is coming along nicely, but the star performer is tin – up ten per cent so far this year to its best price since 1956, still rising and carrying tin shares along with it. Supplies for immediate delivery are scarce, although the International Tin Scheme suspended its restrictions on sales six months ago, and only a release from the large US government stockpile can improve the position; but the prospect of a long-term shortage of tin, due to the fact that prospecting for new sources in Asia has been neglected for years, is also beginning to affect the market.

South Africa has tightened import restrictions and exchange controls and raised Bank rate. The outflow of foreign capital, which began with Sharpeville, is still continuing. The promise that no restrictions will be imposed on the capital held by or the dividends due to foreigners has had little effect: South African gold share prices, though people are beginning to buy again, are still falling.

Company News

Marks & Spencer, with sales up by an eighth to £167m and a further improvement in margins, has reported a 15 per cent increase in profits; most of the increase has gone in raising the dividend from 40 to 47½ per cent, and there is to be a one-for-ten scrip issue in non-voting shares.

Guest Keen, too, has achieved an increase in margins as well as in sales, and the profit is up by 20 per cent, much more than forecast in the autumn; the dividend, as hoped for, goes up from 15 to 16 per cent.

Babcock & Wilcox is as gloomy about the future as the heavy electrical firms; nuclear power losses apart, the increase in the size of conventional power stations has reduced the number of contracts – and there are more boiler firms to suffer, share and scrap their surplus capacity than there are electrical firms.

W. H. Smith attributes its lower profits mainly to the cost of rapid modernisation and hopes for better things in the future.

Mr Julian Hodge's *Gwent and West of England Enterprises*, placed in Cardiff at 7s 9d, opened at 17s and rose to 30s.

The Chess Board

No. 600. New Study Competition

It has come to be almost traditional by now to announce an International Study Competition whenever two zeros at the top of the column indicate the start of yet another 'century'. Once again the Editor has allowed me a prize-fund of 15 gns which will provide three prizes of 5 gns, 4 gns and 3 gns as well as two 'Hon. Ment.' at 1½ gn each; and once again I will add 5 gns of my own to provide consolation prizes, a 1st at 2 gns and three 'Hon. Ment.' at a guinea each. The competition is open to anyone anywhere, and competitors may submit as many studies as they please, the only condition being that entries haven't been previously published. Since these competitions invariably attract a good many competitors overseas I had better give them plenty of time, hence the final date for entries to reach the office is 29 December. Harold Lommer has very kindly agreed once again to accept the onerous burden of Hon. Juror.

What with the winners of the last competition announced three weeks ago it so happens that the solutions are due to-day; and since they require (and deserve) more space than the usual few lines of small print at the top of the Competition Report, let's have them here.

A. Sarichev: 1) Bd8 (Kb2: being ruled out on account of . . . Re7). Kc4; 2) Kb2: (Bf6? being refuted by . . . Ba3; 3) Bb2:, Re1 ch; 4) Kc2, Re2 ch), Ba3 ch; 3) Kb1! (Kc2? refuted by . . . Rc3 ch), Re1 ch; 4) Kc2, Re2 ch; 5) Kd1 (of course not Kb1 on account of . . . Rb2 ch etc), Re3!; 6) Bf5, Re5; 7) Bb1:, Rd5 ch; 8) Kc2, Rb5 (stalemate after . . . Rd8:); 9) Bf6, Rf5; 10) Bh4, Rh5; 11) Be1, Rh2 ch; 12) Kd1 etc. Or 11) . . . Rh1, 12) Bd2, B any; 13) a3 etc.

J. N. Baxter: See last week's note on conjugate squares. Dr. Baxter's own notes take up nearly eight pages of typescript. 1) h4! (mustn't play h3? as then . . . Bd7! draws), Be8 (of course he mustn't take e.p as this would render the pawns indefensible); 2) Be2! (Bd3?), Bc6; 3) Bd1, Bd7; 4) Bb3! (Of course not Bc2? which would give Black a draw by Be6!), Be6 (and certainly not Bc6, this being not a conjugate square to b3); 5) Bc2 (immediate a4 would be premature and lead to a draw since after . . . ba: 6) Ba4:, Bf7 White could never achieve Be8), Bc8; 6) a4, ba: (. . . b4 would allow White's B to penetrate after the advance of the P); 7) Ba4:, Be6 (his trouble being that he cannot play . . . Bd7 since, after the B-swop, the K would penetrate); 8) Be8, Bg8; 9) Bh5: and wins.

R. Missiaen: 1) Ktf5 (and not a6?, Be3; 2) Bf2, Ktc2 ch; 3) Ke2, Ktb4 ch, nor 1) Bf2?, Ktc2 ch; 2) Ke2, Bg7:; 3) a6, Ktd4 ch etc). Bd2 ch; 2) Kd2:, Ktb3 ch; 3) Kc3, Kta5:; 4) Kb4, Ktc6 ch (. . . Ktb7 fails against 5) Kb5 etc) 5) Kb5, Ktb8 (. . . Kta7 ch fails against 6) Kb6, Ktc8 ch; 7) Kb7 etc); 6) Bg3, Ktd7; 7) Kc6, Ktf8 (. . . Ktf6 being defeated by 8) Be5!); 8) Be5 ch, Kg8; 9) Ktb6 mate.

H. F. Blandford: 1) a7, Ktc4 ch; 2) Ka2! (Kb3?), Ktb6 (best); 3) Ktb6:, h1(Q); 4) a8(Q), Qa8:; 5) Kta8:, f3 (. . . Kb5: refuted by 6) Ktc7: ch, Kc4; Kte8! etc); 6) b6, cb: (. . . f2 fails against 7) b7!, f1(Q); 8) b8(Q), Qc4 ch: 9) Qb3 c5; 10) Ka3); 7) Ktc7, f2 (. . . Kb4 failing against 8) Ktd5 ch etc); 8) Ka3, f1(Q); 9) b4 mate (If 8) . . . b5; 9) b4 ch, Kb6; 10) Ktd5 ch, Kc6; 11) Kte3 etc).

D. Hooper: 1) Kc5! (Kd4? failing against . . . Kg8, Kd5? against . . . Kg7), Kg8; 2) Kc6! (both Kd4 and Kd6 failing against . . . Kf8, while Kd5 is refuted by . . . Kf7), Kg7 (best); 3) Kd5! (Kd7?), Kf8; 4) Kd6! (Ke6?), Kg7; 5) Ke7! (Ke6?), Kg8; 6) Ke6, Kf8; 7) Kf6! (Kf5: being refuted by . . . Ke7), Kg8; 8) Kf5:, Kf7; 9) Ke5, Ke7; 10) h5, Kf7; 11) Kd6, Kf6; 12) b6, Kf7; 13) Kd7, Kf6; 14) Ke8, Ke6; 15) Kf8, Kf6; 16) Kg8, Kg6; 17) f5 ch etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black blundered 1)...Kte5:;2) de:,Rd8; his punishment was spectacular. How? for 6 and 7 points both **B** and **C** are wins. Useful hint: underpromotion. Usual prizes. Entries by 22 May.

A: Piccardo, 1960: /r3kb1r/ppktkt1pp1/1qp1p2p/4Kt3/2PP3P/3Q2Kt1/PP1B1PP1/1K1R3R/.

B: A. O. Herbstmann, 1952: /1k6/5b2/2K2Kt2/3P4/8/1Kt6/16/.

C: Harold Lommer, 1933: /5rk1/3KtP2kt/4rpP1/2P2q2/4P3/6K1/16/.

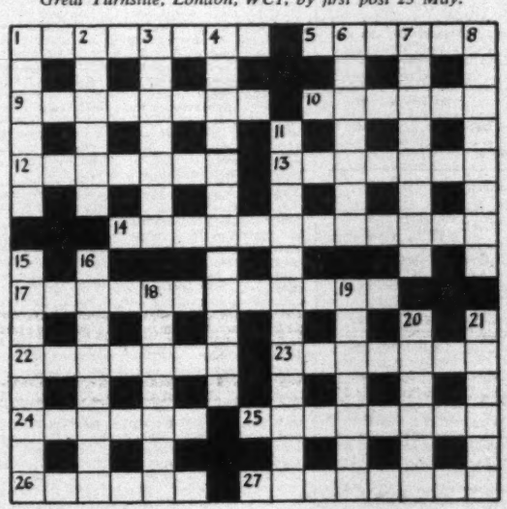
REPORT on No. 597 Set 21 April

Even for a holiday weekend this would have been too much of a good thing, so it's hardly surprising that even some of our cracks failed to tackle all five successfully. Restricted to four by the unique reason that No. 5 happened to be his own, D. Hooper was the only one to get the gist of all the others; so it seems fair enough to give him the consolation prize and to use the unawarded guinea for swelling subsequent prize-funds. As for Chéron's copious analysis of 'conjugate squares' – caused by the (faulty) assumption of the Baxter to be a win with Black to move too – I'll revert to it in a month or two.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 457

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 457, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 23 May.



ACROSS

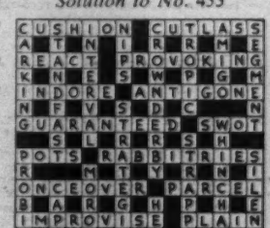
1. Over-confident priest holds a sock that needs mending (8).
5. Animals hold it back for the stable (6).
9. The exciting part of making a cake? (8).
10. Refrain for an actor (6).
12. In this country, *inter alia*, there is prohibition (7).
13. Appeal for devilish wisdom (7).
14. Man with something obscure in clothing for a teacher (12).
17. Corners occupied by stupid denizens of this island (6, 6).
22. Age certain for obliteration (7).
23. Preacher with a job in beer (7).
24. Better boatman (6).
25. Perhaps he is own part of the chicken (8).
26. Barely human state (6).
27. Religious books in which a footnote is revised (8).

DOWN

1. 'Light half-believers in our —— creeds' (Arnold) (6).
2. Goes up like a centipede? (5).
3. Curious in that the slowest ran generally fastest (7).
4. Tanner trades to make payment for the house (4, 3, 5).
6. Instrument the bottom of which is in the form of a strange animal (7).
7. Perhaps top leads may turn into immature creatures (8).
8. Talk for the opposition? (8).
11. North-country customs in outdoor clothes (12).
15. Inelegant as a politician's witticism (8).
16. I rest and have a change, being overworked (8).
18. Undergraduate found half dead during the rag (6).
19. The wrong way to manage Henry, but it is only a matter of time (7).
20. Walked or was carried underneath the street (6).
21. French poetry has means of moving (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 455



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 455

Major J. M. Blair (Folkestone)
Mrs Gertner (Wolverhampton)
S. Van Heyningen (Oxford)

WHERE TO STAY

COTSWOLDS. Simple country house in lovely valley. 7/8 gns. Whitsun from 25s. daily. Reduction early holidays. Also small furnished cottage. 'Steanbridge', near Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2093.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

ENJOY the sea and lovely Wicklow hills in Georgian guest house within easy reach Dublin. Modern comforts. Own farm produce. Poss. golf, riding. Count Tolstoy, Easton House, Delgany, Co. Wicklow.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

CORNISH Riviera. Extra accommodation now further restorations are completed in charming Queen Anne Glebe Country House on famous Roseland Peninsular. H. & c. Inner springs all bedrms. Good food and hospitality, mod. tariff. Portscatho 205.

PEMBROKESHIRE. Guests welcomed Old Manor, woods, own farm, secluded, near sea. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CORNWALL. Furnished cottage to let in wooded valley, remote & beautiful. Salmon & trout stream. Moors 1 mile, sea 6. Just decorated. All dates available. Sleeps 6. Mod. cons. Baby-sitter avail. A few guests taken also in Mill House. Bradley, Coombe Mill, St Breward, Bodmin. (St Tudy 322).

'OLD Vienna', Ovingdean, Brighton. The friendliness and warm hospitality of an Alpine châlet. Viennese proprietress welcomes children and pets. Moderate family terms. Phone: Rottingdean 2426.

NORTH Wales. Vegetarian and Vegan Guest House, nr mountains & sea. Lovely woodland garden. Brochure from Jeannie and George Lake, 'Plas-y-coed', Pennaen Park, Llanfairfechan. Tel. 161. VCA Mem.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

WALES. Country house accommodation overlooking Carmarthen Bay between Laugharne and Pendine. Good table. H. & c. all rooms. Terms 8 gns. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carms. Laugharne 225.

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welcome 18th Cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, b'fast. Tel. 3773.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is the new edition of 'The Good Food Guide' 1961/62, edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers. 'Postgate is incorruptible. It is now possible to go round Britain on his back' – John Freeman, 'New Statesman'.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

VISITORS to London. Comfortable accom. with breakfast. BAY. 1310.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo) Brittany. Pension Yvonne, from 36s. (June 31s.). Sandy beaches. Bthg from hotel. Engl. refs.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

FOR Sale Against Offer! Bound volumes of 'La Journée Industrielle' 1931-1937; 'L'Information Financière' 1928-1938; 'The Commercial' 1928-1930; 'Manchester Guardian Commercial' 1922-1939; 'Times Trade & Engineering Supplement' 1921-1934; 'The US Daily' 1928-1930; 'Keesing's Contemporary Archives' 1943-1954. H. Pordes, 138 New Cavendish Street, London, W1. MUSeum 5250.

SEXUAL inversion in women is no longer a taboo subject. Dr Laura Hutton discusses it, together with all the emotional problems of the single woman, in 'The Single Woman – her adjustment to life and love'. Foreword by Dr David Stafford-Clark. From booksellers 12s. 6d., or 13s. 6d. post paid from the publishers: Barrie & Rockliff, Dept S1, 2 Clement's Inn, WC2.

'WHICH?'. The May issue reports on car anti-theft devices, instant coffee, slide rules, hire purchase, cut prices. 'Which?' is based on independent tests and surveys, and is published monthly by the Consumers' Association. Available on annual subscription only £1 to Dept 6, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

PERSONAL attention to overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, London, WC2.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—contd

'MOUTHPIECE'. The magazine for writers of fiction and poetry of high standard who are finding difficulty in getting anything published. All contributors to pay printing costs of own contribution. Here's your chance. Write with MS to Howard, Mount Royal, Richmond Hill, Surrey.

GETTING Money's Worth when you buy? 'Shopper's Guide' (10s. p.a.) tells you; gives test results on branded goods; helps you find the best; advises when you don't. Write Consumer Council, Orchard House, Orchard Street, W1.

CO-OPERATORS in London read QR, indep. commentary on LCS affairs 1s. 6d. p.a. Sample: 43 Lanchester Rd, N6.

RUSSIAN Dictionaries are essential. Beginners might like the Akhmanova Russian/English 6s. & English/Russian 6s. (p. 9d. ea). Standard Comprehensive Dictionaries (Muller E/R; Smirnitsky R/E) 31s. 6d. ea. (p. 2s. 6d. ea). Collet's Russian Bookshop (N3), 44/45 Museum St, London, WC1 or through your bookseller.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London. W6.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms (understatement). Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8.

REMOVALS & EXPORT PACKING

PACKING, Shipping and Household Removals. Estimates free. Bonners, Welling, Kent. Dial BEXleyheath 3751.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA

Applications are invited from suitably qualified applicants for an Assistant Lectureship in English Literature, with special interests in the later Middle Ages.

Salary scales:
Under 26 years of age on appointment £800 x £50 to £900 per annum.
Over 26 years of age on appointment £850 x £50 to £950 per annum.

FSSU benefits and family allowances.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications (six copies) must be received by Saturday, 27 May 1961.

WATFORD TECHNICAL COLLEGE

Hempstead Road, Watford, Herts.

Applications are invited for the following post from 1 September 1961. LIBERAL STUDIES (Lecturer) capable of developing work of this kind throughout the College. Good degree and previous teaching experience essential.

Salary Scale in accordance with the Burnham Technical Scale for Lecturers, viz: £1,370 x £35 (and one of £40) to £1,550.

Application forms (returnable by 18 May) and further details available from the Registrar.

BATH: HOLBURNE OF MENSTRIE MUSEUM OF ART

Appointment of Curator

Applications are invited for the position of Curator of the Holburne of Menstrie Museum of Art, Bath, at a salary of £900 x £50 – £1,100. Pension Scheme similar to FSSU.

The Curator will be expected to undertake the development of the museum following the introduction of a new scheme by the Ministry of Education in agreement with Bath City Council. The museum contains important collections of paintings, silver, ceramics, and objets d'art.

Applications naming two referees and stating age, qualifications and experience should be sent to The Hon. Treasurer, Holburne of Menstrie Museum, Bath, to arrive not later than 19 June.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for new appointments as social workers at HM Prisons Norwich, Oxford and Pentonville. Adequate experience in a similar capacity is essential and a social studies qualification is desirable. Commencing salary as for Probation Service, £835 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £1,025. Pentonville post carries additional London weighting of £40.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 31 May 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

COUNTY OF ESSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

CHILD GUIDANCE CLINICS

Vacancies exist for part-time CHILD PSYCHOTHERAPISTS at clinics at BASILDON (up to 7 sessions p.w.) and GRAYS (up to 6 sessions). A FULL-TIME appointment could be made to cover part of both. Candidates should have Hons degree in Psychology (or recognised equivalent) and appropriate training or such other qualifications as the Committee may accept as adequate. £2 15s. 6d. per session up to 5 sessions per week or appropriate proportion of Soulbury Grade II scale for Educational Psychologists – £1,290 x £32 10s. – £1,560 p.a.

Further particulars and form from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

SURREY ASSOCIATION OF MIXED CLUBS & GIRLS' CLUBS

Full-time assistant, man or woman, required in September for development work in Youth Clubs. Salary £600-£750 according to experience.

Application forms from Miss B. Rapson, 9 Lakehurst Road, Ewell, Surrey, to be returned by 29 May.

SPEECH Therapist required, young adult spastic centre, new purpose built department, sole charge, Whitley Council Scale, plus London weighting. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Spastic Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

CITY OF LEICESTER CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Appointment of Senior Child Care Officer

Applications are invited for this important appointment from women who hold a Social Science Degree or Diploma and/or Home Office Certificate in Child Care, who have had wide experience of work in the child care field.

Duties will be mainly connected with co-ordination and supervision of the work of the child care staff, advising on casework problems and the training of students. A small case load will be carried, and it is hoped that opportunity will arise for study of special projects. The part which the Department plays in affording facilities for the training and supervision of students is becoming increasingly important and there is a close tie between the Department and the University of Leicester School of Social Studies, particularly in connection with the new Generic Course which has recently started and which is designed to provide professional education for social caseworkers closely integrating theory and practice. The Department and the University have combined to work closely in the development of this new project.

Salary: APT III (£960-£1,140 p.a.). The post is superannuable and subject to a medical examination.

Ability to drive a car is essential and the previous holder of the post was granted a casual-user car allowance.

Application forms and further information may be obtained from the Children's Officer, 20 Millstone Lane, Leicester. Closing date 26 May 1961.

COUNTY OF LEICESTER CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

CHILD CARE OFFICER (man) required in late summer for varied work in County with main responsibility for work with boys. Applicants should hold Social Science Diploma and/or Child Care Certificate, or be widely experienced, and hold driving licence. Salary on special scale (£665-£975) position according to qualifications and experience.

Apply by letter, giving details of name, address, age, education and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, to Children's Officer, 12 Talbot Lane, Leicester. Closing date 24 May 1961.

SALOP COUNTY COUNCIL

APPOINTMENT OF PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER

Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's Child Guidance Team.

Whitley Council salary and conditions. Scale £740 to £1,000. Travelling and subsistence.

Forms of application and conditions of service from County Medical Officer, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

SOUTHERN GENERAL HOSPITAL, GLASGOW, SW1

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER

Applications are invited for 2nd post of PSW in the Department of Psychological Medicine associated with the University of Glasgow. This department has 93 beds and a varied and busy Outpatient Department, including a children's clinic and Day Hospital. The PSW has duties connected with all, and works as an integral part of the hospital team. A younger PSW can be supervised, and an experienced PSW would have scope for special interests.

Applications to Medical Superintendent, Southern General Hospital, Glasgow, SW1.

TWO women MPs req. full-time experienced personal secretary. Box 2891.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

BROOKWOOD HOSPITAL, KNAPHILL, WOKING

Applications are invited for a PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER at this hospital accommodating 1,850 psychiatric patients.

Salary according to qualifications and experience.

Applicants should hold the Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London) or the Certificate for Psychiatric Social Worker of the Universities of Edinburgh, Liverpool or Manchester.

Possession of car an advantage. Car allowance payable.

Conditions of Service will be as recommended by Professional and Technical A. Whitley Council.

Applications giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees should be sent to the Group Secretary before 22 May 1961.

TATCHBURY MOUNT HOSPITAL

Totton, Nr. Southampton

ASSISTANT HEAD OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST (qualified) required for a new, well equipped and progressive department at this psychiatric hospital for subnormal patients, situated on the borders of the New Forest and having good recreational and social facilities. Temporary single accommodation available for male applicant, if required.

Salary – Grade I (£600-£735 p.a.) Whitley Council conditions of service. Written applications, stating age, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, to Group Secretary, Loperwood Manor, Totton, Southampton, as soon as possible.

The Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of

MATRON

at their new Southport Home which it is hoped will be opened later this year. The Home provides accommodation for 20 permanent residents and 12 holiday guests. It is purpose built and incorporates all modern amenities for the welfare of the blind and the comfort of the staff. Applications in confidence to Mr D. Suppree, JP, 5 Ainsdale Avenue, Singleton Rd, Salford, 7.

ESSEX

BRAYS GROVE YOUTH CENTRE, TRACYES ROAD, HARLOW

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of this Centre, which offers formal classes in Commercial and Craft subjects and recreational activities for over 300 members.

Candidates should possess a degree, teaching certificate or certificate in social studies or youth leadership and must have had experience in youth work.

Salary scale in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's scale for Youth Wardens, viz. £875 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,075 per annum plus additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salaries Report conditions.

Housing accommodation may be available for successful applicant.

Details and application forms from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 29 May 1961.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychotherapist (part-time) reqd at new Child Guidance Centre, Church Lane, Kingsbury, NW9, for 5 three hour sessions p. wk. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised post graduate training, &/or equiv. exper. in child therapy essential. Fee 55s. 6d. p. session. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, (Ref. GP), 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 31 May. Candidates who replied to previous advert. need only refer to their applications. (Quote G 249 NS&N).

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

CHILD WELFARE OFFICERS required – men and women suitably qualified and with field experience of work with deprived children and their families, including married women formerly engaged in related social work and now seeking re-employment. In addition a panel is being formed of persons, particularly married women, who may in future be re-employed on a part-time basis. Possession of HO certificate in Child Care or certificate in Applied Social Studies an advantage. A considerable amount of travelling is involved. £740-£1,060, according to qualifications and experience, (proportionately for part-time staff according to hours worked each week). For all full-time officers there are good opportunities for promotion to positions carrying salary scale £940-£1,300.

Form and details from Children's Officer (E.1/N/1217/5), LCC, County Hall, London, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BODENHAM MANOR SCHOOL, NR HEREFORD

For the re-organisation of the above School the Managers invite applications for the post of Headmaster to take complete responsibility for the education, treatment and welfare of 32 maladjusted boys between the ages of 8 and 16 years. Salary in accordance with Burnham scale (S) plus full residential emoluments.

Applications are also invited for the posts of (a) Housemother and Matron and (b) Assistant Housemother and Assistant Matron. Salary scale (a) £400 per annum x £15 – £450 plus emoluments, (b) £300 per annum x £15 – £350 plus emoluments.

Applications to Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS), Principal

THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY, RICKMANSWORTH AND SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

BBC requires General Programme Producer, Outside Broadcasts, in Manchester. Main function will be in Outside Broadcasts but holder will be required from time to time to handle general programmes, particularly of a talks type. Applicants should have ability in one or more branches of OB work – sport, civic occasions, built OBs (e.g. from theatres, etc.). Knowledge of North of England and an acceptable microphone voice desirable. Extensive travelling in all parts of North of England and occasionally elsewhere. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.136 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires in Music Division, Sound Broadcasting: (a) Accompanist. Applicants should have first-class technical ability, be expert in all types of piano accompaniments including chamber music, and be able to transpose. They should also have sufficient solo playing ability to undertake a piano interlude at a moment's notice. Some experience in playing harpsichord, orchestral piano and celesta an advantage. Salary £1,575 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,000 max. p.a. (b) Assistant, Light Music Programmes. Duties consist of building, casting and making detailed arrangements for Light Music Programmes, and studio supervision of rehearsals and transmissions. Musical training, professional experience and good knowledge of the light music repertoire essential. Evidence of sufficient administrative ability to maintain an efficient office required. Please state any specialised interests. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Please indicate post applied for. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.197 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Chair of Education. Applications are invited for the Chair of Education, being vacated by Professor K. E. Priestley on his appointment as Principal of Borough Road College. It is hoped that the new Professor will take up his duties on 1 October 1961 or as soon as possible thereafter. Applicants should have an honours degree of a British University, special academic qualification in Education, and relevant experience in the training of graduate teachers. Annual salary (superannuable) is £3,250 for a man or £2,450 for a woman, together with an expatriation allowance of £350 a year if applicable. Salaries are under review. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. Expatriate staff and their families are provided with furnished accommodation at a reasonable rental, and with first-class sea passages on first appointment and leaves. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 30 June 1961.

MANAGER (m. or f.) wanted to develop experiment in Youth Welfare now in its sixth year. Previous experience of work with young people desirable; also an ability to record life of project and co-operate with research worker. Elephant & Castle area. £800. Details from Box 2824.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIAN National University. Institute of Advanced Studies. Post in International Relations. Applications are invited for an appointment as Senior Fellow in the Department of International Relations, Research School of Pacific Studies. The Department of International Relations has studied chiefly the contemporary international politics of the Indian, the South-east Asian and the Far Eastern regions, and has also published in the field of international political theory. Candidates should have had considerable experience in post-graduate research in international politics. The salary range of a Senior Fellowship is from £A3,000-3,500; increments are £90 per annum. The successful applicant will, in the first place, be appointed at a salary and an incremental limit fixed by reference to his standing and experience. Appointment is made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. The Senior Fellow will be entitled to one year's study leave on full pay, plus a contribution towards travel and other expenses, in every six years. Reasonable travel expenses are paid, and assistance with housing provided. Superannuation is on the FSSU pattern. Further details are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 9 June 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Melbourne. Lecturer or Senior Lecturer in Economic Geography. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should possess an honours degree or its equivalent in Economics with a special interest in Economic Geography. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer £A2,480 x £A95 - £A2,950; Lecturer £A1,660 x £A105 - £A2,360; with provision for superannuation on the FSSU basis. The initial salary will be determined according to qualifications and experience. Further details and conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 June 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Senior Lectureship and Lectureship in History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned posts. The main teaching requirements are the history of modern Europe, and the history of European expansion and of colonial movements, more especially in the 19th and 20th centuries; but special knowledge in other fields may be an asset. It is desirable that one or other of the appointees should be specially qualified in at least one of the following fields: 18th century European history; European history since 1870; a branch of Asian history. The salary scales are: Senior Lecturer £1,750 per annum, rising to £2,000 and Lecturer £1,250 per annum rising to £1,700. Commencing salary within the appropriate scale will be determined according to qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 23 June 1961.

MAKERERE University College – East Africa. Applications are invited for (a) Lectureship or (b) Assistant Lectureship in Political Science. Salary scale (a) £1,350-£2,151 p.a. (b) £1,098-£1,251 p.a. Entry point according to qualifications and experience. FSSU. Child allowance £50 p.a. per child (max. £150 p.a.). Passages for appointee and family (up to five adult passages) on appointment, termination and leave (three months every 21 months). Rent according to quarters provided £45-£84 p.a. (including basic furniture). Detailed applications (six copies) naming three referees by 15 June 1961 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

KING Alfred School, North End Road, London, NW11. Headmaster required in September 1962 to work with a Co-Head in this independent, co-educational day school (recognised by the Ministry of Education) where exceptional opportunities exist for development and expansion of academic and creative work over a wide age range up to University. Apply before 15 June with references to Roderick Garrett, Chairman of Council, 28 Southwood Lane, Highgate, London, N6.

ST MARGARET'S School, Stockland, Bridgwater. Urgently required by the above School/Children's Home catering for maladjusted children. Qualified teacher to teach class of approximately twelve children. Salary £600 per annum plus full board and lodging. Applications to the Principals.

SECOND Chance for Women over 20 – education, for personal development, purposeful leisure, responsible employment. One-year residential course; English Language and Literature, Economics, History, Psychology, Social Studies. No examinations, but suitable students are enabled to train afterwards for teaching, social work, etc. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Grants available, including Robert Addy Hopkinson scholarship for Labour Party member. Apply immediately – Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Children's Department. Child Welfare Officers. Men and women suitably qualified and with experience of work with deprived children and their families required as Child Welfare Officers at an Area Children's Office which has recently moved to new accommodation at 345 Holloway Road, N7. Possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care or Certificate in Applied Social Studies an advantage. Duties as generally for social workers in child care. Area covers for reception purposes the boroughs of Islington, Holborn & Finsbury & its out-county boarding-out area is North and East Middlesex, Herts, and Beds. Considerable travelling involved. Social science etc students taking their finals later this year may apply in anticipation of their being successful in their examinations. Married women formerly engaged in related social work and now seeking re-employment also considered. £740-£1,060 according to qualifications and experience. Forms and details from Children's Officer, (E.1/S/1159/5), County Hall, SE1.

LONDON County Council. Stamford House Remand Home and Classifying Centre, 206a Goldhawk Road, W12. Qualified master (non-resident) required for the post of practical vocational teacher in charge of a Woodwork Shop with subsidiary crafts. The special nature of this post requires some knowledge of objective testing and the ability to evaluate the practical capabilities and vocational needs of boys up to 17 years of age. It offers wide scope to a teacher of imagination, initiative and insight. The teacher appointed would be a member of a specialised team working in very close co-operation with Psychiatrists, Psychologists and Social Workers. Burnham Scale with Home Office addition of £120 a year. Eight weeks holiday a year. Application form T.840 obtainable from and returnable within 14 days to the Education Officer, (TS.5/N/1221/5), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, SE1.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers required in Public Health Department as assistant organisers of children's care. Duties may include case work with problem families. Work involves organisation of treatment in school health service, attendance at school clinics and hospitals and social work arising, close co-operation with voluntary care-committee workers and some responsibility for their recruitment and training. Case work with problem families usually prolonged, intensive and aimed to help such families become self-supporting and acceptable members of the community. Previous experience in practical social work essential and social science training preferable. Married women eligible. £700-£940, commencing according to qualifications and exper. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health, (D.1/N/1259/5), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 29 May.

LONDON County Council. Furzedown Training College, Welham Rd, SW17. Principal: Miss C. Fletcher, BA. Reqd in Sept. next, a lecturer mainly in Primary Education, who has thorough insight into psychological & educational needs of children and good exper. in teaching children under 14 yrs of age. Salary in accordance with the Pelham Scale. Application forms should be obtained from the Principal of the College and returned not later than Wed., 31 May. Please quote (TS3/N/1311/5).

CATERING and Child Care. Opportunity for person trained or experienced in institutional management with some experience in child care work. A new position of Senior Housematron, Class I, has been created at a boarding school for 100 backward children at Broadstairs where there are many social activities. School is set in very pleasant grounds, with outdoor swimming pool. Duties consist mainly of assisting & deputising for Domestic Bursar but some relief child care work will be required. £692-£737 plus £30 for CTC cert. Bed-sitting room & board for £127 12s. Details and forms, returnable within 14 days, from Education Officer, (Estab. 6/N/1121/5), County Hall, London, SE1.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd in September 1961 at the Child Guidance Centre, Education Dept, Town Hall, Hornsey, N8. Salary & quals in accordance with Whitley Council PTA scale £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Prescribed conditions. Application forms from Borough Education Officer, above address, returnable by 31 May. (Quote G.177 NS&N)

ASSISTANT Warden (resident or non-resident) required for modern Nurses Home at Oakwood Hospital, Maidstone. Age not more than 45 years. Knowledge of home nursing desirable. Salary £403 x £17(3) to £454 subject to a deduction of £164 per annum for residential accommodation. Eighteen days annual leave plus Bank Holidays. Applications in writing, giving age, experience and the names of two persons for reference to be sent to the Secretary.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HERTS. St Christopher School, Letchworth. (Co-educational Boarding and Day School of 400 pupils aged 3 to 18, and a teaching staff of 40 men and women). The Headmaster invites application for the following appointment from Sept. Personal qualities and the enthusiasm, idealism, and strength to devote oneself wholeheartedly to the life of the school in term time are even more important than other qualifications. There is always scope for initiative and development. Burnham Scale: Government Superannuation. Senior English Master or Mistress, organising the department throughout the Senior School (from age 11). Interest in Drama most valuable.

THE Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation invites applications for a post of Medico-Social Worker in the West Midlands Division to help deal with the social problems of severe disablement in the Mining Industry. The work is of a pioneering nature and involves research into disablement problems and responsibility for case-work. Applicants should be registered with the Institute of Almoners or hold other appropriate qualification, and experience in mining districts will be an advantage. Ability to drive is essential. Salary scale £820 x £30: £970. The post will be superannuated. Applications, stating age and experience, together with the names of two professional referees, should be sent to H. Atkinson, BA(Oxon), Chief Officer, Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation, 5 Hobart Place, SW1, by 19 May 1961.

YOUTH Leader required in a London Methodist Mission. Could be part-time. Flat available. Write fully and in confidence to the Superintendent, c/o Box C192, J. E. May Ltd, 19 Ludgate Hill, London, EC4.

AN OPPORTUNITY for 2 leaders (man and woman) with imagination and enthusiasm, prepared to play a full part in an expanding organisation concerned mainly with youth work. Training and experience required. Salary according to qualifications. Apply to: the Warden, Bede House, Bermondsey, SE16.

JEWISH Old Age Home, in Hampstead, needs Housekeeper, able to supervise staff and relieve cook. Pleasant accommodation provided, good salary. German speaking an asset. Apply: Association of Jewish Refugees, 8 Fairfax Mansions, London, NW3.

THE Triangle Playground, Lambeth, seeks woman Deputy Leader. With play hut, outdoor space and materials we cater informally for children's play, nursery age to 12 yrs. Playground opens afternoons (nursery group) and early evenings in school term; all day Sat. and school holidays; closed Sun. and Mon. Appointment to be arranged in conj. London County Council, the work with nursery and jun. children expected average £11-£12 per week for these hours. Enqs and applications to Mrs Gaskin, Sec., Triangle Adventure Playground Association, Burnham Drive, Worcester Park, Surrey.

DESIGN Research Unit requires a really first-class lettering artist for presentation and finished work; and an experienced and accurate finished - working - drawing artist. Both these are senior positions and offer a wide variety of interesting work. Apply in writing with details of experience and salary required to Business Manager, 37 Duke Street, London, W1.

CREATIVE writer, creative ideas, keen writing ability for beauty department of well-known magazine. Magazine experience an advantage. Five-day week; salary commensurate with experience. Excellent prospects. Write with full details of career and starting salary to Box 2869.

WANTED for September in Women's West End Secretarial College man or woman lecturer with practical experience of Office Procedure and Committee work, able to teach Book-keeping to RSA examination standards. Box 2737.

PSYCHOLOGISTS needed. BSc., MSc., Ph.D level. Commercial application of psychological research. Well paid interesting work. LAN. 2694. Box 2863.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EDITORIAL Assistant required for the layout and production of a weekly architectural journal. Must have progressive ideas in design, but knowledge of architecture not essential. Write giving details of age, experience & salary reqd to Box 2870.

EDUCATIONAL Sales Manager of large publishing firm reqs woman assistant. Ability to write copy and prepare advertising material for press essential. Salary according to age and experience. Box 2942.

BRITISH Postgraduate Medical Federation, University of London. Secretary/Shorthand-typist required for work connected with postgraduate students and their courses. Good general education and some previous office experience necessary. Salary within scale £420-£570. Particulars and application from Secy, 18 Guilford St, WC1

WELL-appointed non-commercial West End office has vacancies for (a) two intelligent secretaries for work related to educational television; research and publishing; (b) records clerk/copy typist. Market rates for good applicants of any age. Relevant details and references to Box 2888.

SECRETARY shorthand-typist for director, general book publishers. Apply in writing, marked 'Confidential' to Barrie & Rockliff, 2 Clement's Inn, Strand, WC2.

PERSONAL Secretary. The Psychologist at the National Hospital, Queen Square is seeking a personal secretary aged 18 years or over. Starting salary £505 per annum plus London Weighting. Apply in writing giving details of experience and qualifications to The Secretary to The Board of Governors, The National Hospital, Queen Square, WC1.

SECRETARY, 25/35, for advertising agent., W1. Sal. £12/£13. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SECRETARY/shorthand typist for criminological organisation, mid-June. Interesting work, reasonable salary, 3 weeks holiday. Box 2853.

WORLD University Service: Secretary to General Secretary required. Good speeds essential. Sal. acc. age (min. 20) and experience. Apply 59 Gloucester Place, W1. WELbeck 3921.

A GENUINE opportunity is offered to competent shorthand-typist wishing to break into Public Relations. Writing ability and sound English essential. Age 18-20. 5 minutes Baker Street station. Write full details to Taylor Public Relations, 85 Gloucester Place, W1.

ADVERTISING Agency. Opportunity for competent Typist to assist in Research Department. Good salary offered to experienced lady, 25 to 40 years. Five-day week. Non-Contributory Pension Scheme. Write for further details of this interesting and attractive job to J. E. Nurse, Service Advertising Co, Ltd, 68 Knightsbridge, SW1.

CLERK-typist (18/25) required for Head Office of Publishing House. Must have knowledge of simple book-keeping and be good at figures. 5-day week. Write to Personnel Manager, Caxton Publishing Co Ltd, 25/26 St George St, Hanover Sq., W1.

HOLIDAY post, any period or permanent. Secretary required by occupier of manor house in 500 acres private estate, Devon coast. Box 2896.

TEMPORARY secretary for educational institute, week commencing 15 May. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0677.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

HIGH Hill Bookshop, Hampstead, reqs junior assistant with bookshop experience. 11 High Street, NW3. HAM. 2218.

RESIDENT Holiday Host or Hostess reqd from early June to late September for British holiday groups in Switzerland. Knowledge German essential. Box 2828.

AUTHOR, Honours grad., tutor/linguist, needing his professional library of MSS pruned, offers s/c quiet quarters & any tuition/guidance desired to mature part-time helper. Occas. use 1960 car. Write Box 2775.

DOMESTIC and Au Pair staff available now. Monthly to twelve monthly periods. Apply F. & I. Agency, Room 500, 1/2 Hanover St, London, W1. GER. 0986.

NO Peers in the Commons, but plenty of good jobs, temporary or permanent, at The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INDIAN barrister, 37, experienced brick-making, administration, journalism, seeks post. Box 2830.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

PRIVATE secretary/personal assistant now working in Scotland seeks perm. post in London. Experienced, adaptable, responsible. Enjoys hard work. Avail. for interview London 27 May-10 June. Box 2866.

GRADUATE male seeks post May-Sept. Anywhere, anything legal. Box 2880.

ADAPTABLE woman social worker, 30, wide exp., sks pt-time post Lon. Anything considered, research pref. Box 2829.

FUGITIVE from US materialism (male, 21) seeks UK job. Office exp.: invoicing, typing, etc. Refs. Desperate. Box 2921.

WOMAN, art training, admin. and personal assistant exp., typing, seeks creative job where ability to get on with people an advantage. London area. Box 2934

SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Applications are invited for the Stopford Brooke English Literature Scholarship, which is of the value of approximately £140 for one year. Candidates must be graduates of a University and must be prepared to undertake research in any branch of English Literature, including Mediaeval, in one of the Colleges or Schools of the University of London. Applications, on a prescribed form, must reach the Secretary to the Scholarships Committee, University of London, Senate House, London, WC1, (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 1 June 1961.

RESEARCH Scholarship. A scholarship to the value of £500 tenable at the Co-operative College, a residential college for adults, in the session beginning October 1961, is to be awarded to a student qualified to carry out research work related to the development of the Co-operative Movement. Research may be addressed either to the economic activities of the Movement, or to its social significance. Information concerning the Co-operative College and the main regulations and conditions governing the award of the scholarship, is available in the College Prospectus, a copy of which may be obtained on application to the College Administrative Officer. Application forms are to be returned by 1 June 1961.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

PARLIAMENT Hill Fields. Well-furn. b/s., own cooking facs etc. £2 15s. p.w. Single business girl only. Box 2945.

LGE unusual rm, friendly indep. person. Daily serv. Lge kit. Secl. gdn. Excel. transp. S. Hampstead. 63s. Box 2850.

I'M told it's impossible. Bachelor (26) seeks self-contd flat; furn., part or unfurn. 5-6 gns. Near Angel or fairly central. Is it? Box 2854.

FURN. single b/sit., ckg facs, bathrm, pleasant surroundings. LAD. 3031.

CAMDEN Road. Buses to everywhere. House now being re-equipped and redecorated offers large furnished bed-sitts, double, single. Gas fires, built-in wardrobes & kitchenettes or sep. kitchens. Ascot heaters. Cookers. Completely furn. Rents from 35s. to 70s. p.w. HOL. 6237 (not Fri).

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

NW2. Two rooms, simply furn., cooking facils, use bathrm, phone. Quiet tenants. £3 10s. Avail. early June. Box 2971.

LONDON hol. flat: July-Sept., Whit-week. 2 rooms, k. & b., c.h.w., phone, TV. Central, s/c. Quiet. 5 gns. Box 2922.

UNRIVALLED river view: unfurn. s/c. flat, 3 bedrooms, £260 p.a. excl. Furniture & fittings £300 o.n.o. PUT. 0778.

COSY furn. flat to let. Journalist pref. £6 p.w. incl. gas, elec. SHE. 6619.

ATTRACTIVE furnished rooms. Hanover Gate, Regent's Park. AMB. 3320.

GIRL 25-35 wanted to share modern house Putney. Own b/sit. room, part-furn. or unfurn. £4 p.w. inc. Box 2849.

SINGLE rm to let in Chiswick at £2 12s. 6d. CHIswick 4265 after 9.30 p.m.

B/S. & sh. of Richmond flat for bus./prof. girl. Anne Smith, PRI. 2389.

BUS./prof. woman offd share pleas. s/c. mod. flat; own room. ELG. 5454.

LARGE well-furn. room to let, use of adj. bathroom, tel., garden, in large house in Chislehurst, 27 mins Charing X. Few mins from Chislehurst Stn. 50s. weekly excl. 'Phone COV. 0754.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

FURN. garden room overlkg Dart Estuary, July-Sept: 2 divan beds. £5 weekly. Wise, Dunheved, Kingswear, Dartmouth.

8 August-8 Sept.: quiet cottage, 4 bedrooms, Essex near estuary. H. & c., elec., garden, orchard, use of car by arrangement. Cottage and car 12 gns p. week. Tel. Hatfield Peverel 253 evenings. No dogs.

FURN. house to let from 27 July. 3 bedrms, lge garden bordering small river, with boat. Edge of lge village 50 miles London, 20 miles sea. £30 one month. Box 2895.

FURN. country flat, 2 rms, kit. daily reach Ldn. 3 gns or exch. pt-time services children/poultry. Woldingham 2374.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG man seeks furn. room with cooking and trombone practising facilities. In or near Brixton. Box 2707.

URGENTLY required. Small unfurn. or semi-furn. s/c. flat, with permission to play the piano at reasonable hours. NW district preferred. HAM. 8256 or Advertiser, 38a Hollycroft Ave, NW3.

PIANIST (own piano) seeks large room (furn./unfurn.), central London, as practice & living accom. Ring SHE. 4193 before 6 p.m. Friday.

WOMAN Civil Servant (graduate) wants urgently s/c. flat, flatlet or 2 rooms, unfurn. or partly furn. Easy journey Whitehall. Quiet tenant. Box 2943.

FURNISHED flat/cottage SE counties reqd by University lecturer, 2 mths July/Sept. vac. 2 bedrms, £4-£5 wkly. Box 2795.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

OXFORD: pleasant 4-roomed flat, for exchange for any size flat in or about London. Any period between mid-June and end of July. 3 Oakthorpe Mansions, Oxford.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BLACKHEATH: 1957. 3 bedroom Span house, £4,400 for quick sale. Garage avail. for sale or hire. No offers. LEE 1259.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS

There is still time to join one of our Whitsun parties in Britain (Berkshire, Sussex, Isle of Wight, sailing in Norfolk) or abroad (Bruges, Austria, Italian Adriatic, French Riviera). Details of these and other Spring and Summer holiday suggestions from:

ERNA LOW, 47(ns) Old Brompton Road, SW7. KEN. 8881.

BEFORE booking your holiday for this Summer (any period from 14 June to 9 September) send a card to Instituto de Lenguas Modernas (NN), Apartado 244, Granada, Spain, asking about their International Holiday Courses – the most wonderful of holidays, with fiestas and flamenco, Spanish language, painting, sculpture and music, gypsies to sing and dance, and guitars at night. All ages. Olé!

GREEK Island. Beautiful house to let on Mykonos. Fully furnished for six. All mod. cons. Maid available. Box 2832.

UNHURRIED tour Europe Austria 6/21 Aug. 1 Buckingham Vale, Bristol.

YOUNG Pakistani girl travelling by car through Belgium, Germany, Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Iraq & Persia to Pakistan in June, reqs 3 paying companions, cost £40 per head. Box 2912.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

JERSEY, St George's Preparatory. Vacancies boarders following extensions. Prog. methods. Headmaster R. G. H. Job, B.Sc. Four scholarships for September. Preparation Common Entrance.

MONNAIE Preparatory School, Guernsey. A few vacancies for boarders in September. Boys prepared for Common Entrance to Public Schools. Prospectus on application. Fees 47 gns per term.

ST CHRISTOPHER School, Letchworth, co-education 5 to 18 years, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris, MA.

THE Town and Country School accepts a small group of boarders, boys and girls, from the age of five. Emphasis on Progress in Education especially in the technique of Modern Language Teaching. 38/40 Eton Avenue, NW3. SWIss Cottage 3391. E. Paul, Ph.D.

WYCHWOOD Girls School, Oxford, 10 to University age, small classes, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Miss E. M. Snodgrass, MA.

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50s. by surface mail to any address in the world (25s. for six months.)
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By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan, 140s.
By air freight to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa (Johannesburg), India 98s.; Australia 130s.

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COURSES etc.—contd from p.772

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANSDOWNE Secretarial Centre. Enrolments are now being taken at this new secretarial training centre, opening in September, which offers new courses and a new individual approach to learning. Courses for beginners of all ages include: Shorthand/Clerical typist; Secretary - general and specialist for the professions; a Finishing School Course. For those with some previous experience: Refresher Course, Promotion Course, Office Supervisors Course. Syllabuses provide for tuition in: speedhand/shorthand or stenotyping; typing, audio-typing; office procedure and clerical method; elementary statistics, languages. Details from 94 Mount St, Mayfair, ondon. W1

ST GILES School of Languages (Recognised by Ministry of Education) Summer Course for Teachers of English to Foreign Students 26 June-19 July. A four weeks Introductory Course 2 evenings per week in the methods and problems of teaching English as a foreign language. Write for details to: The Principal, St Giles School of Languages, 63 Oxford St, W1.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons. Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre) (TRA. 2044).

FOR high grade secretarial posts or verbatim reporting in up-to-date organisations, learn Palantype (Machine Shorthand). Invaluable where scientific, technical, medical and legal terms, or foreign languages are used. Easy to learn. Telephone for demonstration or write for prospectus of day and evening courses. The Palantype College, 229/231 High Holborn, WC1. Telephone: HOLborn 9162/3.

A BETTER chance for your child. With GCE behind him, your child has the world before him. Make sure of success with a Mayflower Postal Course; single subjects or complete syllabus. Qual. teachers; low fees. Details free from Mayflower College, Dept N15, Masons Avenue, Croydon.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

PRIVATE Tuition (Shorthand/Typing). Mabel Eyles. Tel. ENTerprise 3324

ACTING, Speech; Children's Sat. Classes; Younger Children Monday; students by arrangement. Ada Brown Mather, 15 Muswell Hill Road, N10 TUD 6278

FOR Yoga Classes and Correspondence Course please write: The Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gdns, London, NW3

BIBLE Study: Correspondence Course. Free on application to: Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith St, West Bromwich.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing - Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

CLASSICAL Guitar Tuition by a qualified teacher (AGSM) Kensington area; please write: Box 2493

SUMMER SCHOOLS

TECHNOLOGICAL Man': 16-30 Aug.: Technological University, Delft, Holland: Lectures, Discussions (English): Visits to cultural, industrial, civic centres: £24 incl. board and lodgings. Apply: ISU, 59 Gloucester Place, London, W1.

AVIGNON Theatre Weeks, 1961. International meetings for young people aged 18-26, from 16 to 23 July and 26 July-2 August, with good seats at all performances of the Theatre National Populaire (Jean Vilar), meetings with the company and visits to many places in Provence. Inclusive cost for week at Avignon £5 10s. Apply to Central Bureau for Educational Visits and Exchanges, 55A Duke Street, W1.

PAINTING and Art Appreciation. Studio overlooking unspoilt Sennen Cove specialises in inexpensive 7-day courses for beginners. Details Mr. K. Le Moss, 'Pendare', Escalls, Sennen, Cornwall.

HOLIDAY Drama Schools. Several 7-day Courses, One Evening Course. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, & Studio Theatre, Kensington. Director: Marian Naylor. £9 9s. & £6 6s. Syllabus: Mrs W. Patterson, 6 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, SW13. Tel. WIM. 2161.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

AUGUST at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon: 'Drama & Living Research', 'International Friendship Group', 'Holiday Painting & Sketching'. Send p.c. for details.

PERSONAL

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PROF. woman, son 7, seeks other single-handed parents to find & share house & domestic responsibilities. Box 2711.

PROFESSIONAL couple, daughter 18, seek furn. flat, London/Home Counties, 9-12 months. Highest references. Box 2712.

F., 40, sks int. pt-time job term-times. Can drive, type. Herts/Essex border or easy reach Liverpool St. Box 2706.

NATIONAL organisation requires conference accommodation for 120 people. Christmas vacation 1961. Reply Box 2705.

WRITER-artist (m. 22) sks similar to share London flat fr. Aug. Box 2648.

PLANS frustrated. Young couple with two five-year-olds need fortnight's holiday 15 July-17 Sept. Sea bathing/farm/cottage to rent. Anything considered within 250 miles London. Details to Box 2953.

WRITER, wife & 2 yr-old Dadaist are looking for place to stay in June: pref. self-cont'd, quiet region, nr sea or lake. £5-£6 for cottage &c.; moderate full-board offers considered. Box 2801.

TEMP. or perm. 'Au Pair' wanted, Doctor's house, N3. FINchley 3665.

JUNE, July: Woman doing voluntary job, W1, sks cheap room & pt-time work; grad., amiable, exp'd tech. translg, office wk, plain Engl., domesticity. Also reqs temp. job(s) Continent Aug. on. Box 2820.

AMERICAN expatriate Englishman, intellectual, cultured, wide range of interests, visiting Britain 14 June until 7 September buying antiques seeks travelling companions Britain-Continent, motor car or else how, open itinerary. William H. Baker, 637 Livernois Ave., Ferndale 20, Michigan, USA - and c/o. Alan Swingewood, Old Harrow, Langley, Stratford-on-Avon, England.

ESCAPE to the sea. Young couple who own small South Coast boatyard (jazz fans, Ban the Bomb and all that) require adventurous girl to assist generally aboard yachts. No exp. needed. Box 2807.

VISITOR to UK (f.) seeks seat in car touring Europe, mid-May/July. Box 2792.

GIRL (28) sks similar for theatres, concerts, poss. hol. Sept. Box 2864.

CAR seats avail. Costa Brava lvg London 4 July, returning 25 July. WOR. 7471.

OTIOSE student with b/s. blues seeks others, Sutton area. Box 2967.

ITALIAN Lessons. Qual. teacher. Mod. terms. Translns undertaken. Box 2766.

PERSONAL—continued

HAS anybody got a cast list of the first performance of Allan Monkhouse's play 'The Rag' which was produced at the Rusholme Theatre, 13 May 1929? If so, would they please lend it to Granada TV? We are preparing a book of the television plays adapted from the successes of the 'Manchester School' playwrights. Write to: The Librarian, Granada TV, Manchester, 3.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Special Visit to American Museum in Britain at Bath on 8 July, 1 week after Official Opening. Train, bus, admission, cookie tea: £2 10s. Limited to 41. ICA members and 1 guest only. Apply before 21 May.

SEVEN Days to make a New World. - 13-20 May is Epilepsy Week. The Clergy and people of goodwill are united to spread the tolerance and understanding that can change the world for Epileptics. You can join this crusade - learn how by writing to Secretary, Dept NS.5, 27 Nassau St, W1.

HAS anybody got a photograph of the outside of the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, taken during Miss Horniman's tenure (1908-1917)? If so would they kindly lend it to Granada TV? We are preparing a book of the television plays adapted from the successes of the 'Manchester School' playwrights. Write to: The Librarian, Granada TV, Manchester, 3.

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ACROSS Frontiers: The Friends Service Council (Quakers) welcomes gifts and legacies for its international service overseas FSC (26), Friends House, Euston Road London, NW1

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PERSONAL—continued

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16 May at 7.30 Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Sylphides, Antigone
19 May at 7.30 Giselle
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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last wk. 8.0, S. 5.0, 8.0. 'Breakfast for One'. Members.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Thurs. & Sat. 2.30. 'Altona' by Sartre.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 15 May, 7.30. 'Waiting for Godot'. Uproarious new production.

TOWER. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): Strindberg's 'The Father' 11, 12, 13 May. John Whiting's 'A Penny for a Song' 26, 27 (Mems. 28), 31 May, 1, 2, 3 June at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. British première Brecht's 'Visions of Simone Machard'. Commencing 26 May.

ENTERTAINMENTS

early hitchcock
and
British thrillers of
the thirties
Ring
NATIONAL FILM THEATRE
WAT. 3232/33

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). The Bolshoi Co. in Tchaikovsky's 'Eugene Onegin' (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. The Marius Trilogy. Until 14 May: 'Fanny' (A). From 15 May: 'Cesar' (A).

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Grand Social, Sat. 13 May, 8 p.m. Admn. 2s. 6d. Mems.

CONCERTS

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
President: Yehudi Menuhin

(1) Weekly (Thursdays) Lecture-Recitals on Asian Music and Dances, at 7 p.m. at 38 Russell Sq., WC1 – 18 May, Words & Melody in Tagore's Songs. Dr Arnold Bake. Admission 2s. 6d.

(2) Asian Music & Dance Academy – Classes to teach Dances (Bharat Natyam, Kathak, etc.), Javanese and Balinese Dances, the Sitar, Tabla and Singing, Tagore Songs.

(3) Detailed information re. Membership, Main Concerts, & Seminars from the Director, AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N3 (Tel.: FINchley 2934).

CONCERTS—continued

TAGORE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS
Two Recitals of MUSIC & DANCE-DRAMA
ST PANCRAS TOWN HALL
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III. TAGORE'S COMPOSITIONS and favourite RAGAS on the Sitar, Tabla, and Tamboura.
Tickets 12s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. and 3s. 6d. available (a) at the Door one hour before each performance. (b) TCCC Office at 31a John Adam Street, WC2. (c) at any time from The Convenor, Sub-Committee on Music & Dance-Drama, 18 Fitzalan Road, Finchley, N3. (FIN. 2934), who should be contacted re. all information & requests from other Organisations.

IL Trovatore' by Verdi: a recording of a recent broadcast by the Metropolitan Opera, with Leontyne Price, Mario Sereni, Franco Corelli and Irene Dalis. Conducted by Fausto Cleva. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance. Tuesday, 16 May, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

WILLIAM Masselos, American pianist, recorded recital of works by Aaron Copland. American Emb. Theatre, Upper Brook St ent., Th. 18 May, 12.30. Ad. free.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Press. Reproductions of Old and New Masters: Ochterveldt, Canaletto, Brueghel, available at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Catalogue 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Nigel Henderson – Photographs – Paintings – Collages. Until 20 May. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. William Scott – Recent Paintings. Opens Wednesday, 17 May. Until 17 June. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. HYD. 6195. 'Kandinsky – The Road to Abstraction'. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

LEICESTER Galleries' May Exhibitions: new paintings by John Craxton and Rutherford. Original etchings and lithos by Modern Artists. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

SOUTH London Art Gallery, Peckham Rd, SE5. The First Group: Henry Anderson, Gerard Dillon, Stanley Pinker, Ken Turner, Sally Anderson. 6-20 May, 10-6. Suns 3-6.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Edmond Kapp; a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1911-1961. 20 April to 19 May inclusive. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

MOLTON Gallery. Jannis Spyropoulos – Recent Paintings. 10-27 May. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Flowers, decoration or more? – Paintings of the 19th and 20th century. Closing 20 May. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings by Day and Mortlock; Sir Harold Gillies Memorial Exhibition; Paintings by Nuala Brain.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Until 10 June, Exhibition of Lithographs by 27 Soviet Artists from the Leningrad Experimental Graphics Laboratory. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 9.30-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ERNEST Barlach 1870-1938: Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 3 June. Mon. Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY. 4419. Cyril Fradan: Paintings. 8-27 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITION of works by Henryk Grunwald (paintings and metallo-plastics) Mondays to Fridays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. 22 May to 9 June. Extension to 8 p.m. Thursdays. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, London, W1. Admn. free.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Henry Israel. 10-5.30. Thurs 10-1. Saturday 10-7.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent sculpture: Denis Mitchell. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

CONTEMPORARY Yugoslav Paintings & Sculpture. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 28 May. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues Thurs 10-8; Sun 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Ten Sculptors and paintings by Tadé. Until 17 May.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Sergio De Castro paintings and gouaches. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 3 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 27 May: Paintings by Fidler.

LECTURE AND MEETINGS

WORLD Government – a Foreign Policy for Labour. One Day Conference with the Earl of Longford (Frank Pakenham), George Thomson, MP, Frank Beswick at the NUR Hall, Euston Road, NW1, on Sunday, 14 May (sessions: 10.30 a.m., 2 p.m.). Organisers: Federal Union, and LCS Political Committee. Tickets and programmes: 2s 6d. at door or from 10 Wyndham Place, W1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Anthony Verrier on 'Manpower, an Aspect of Defence'. Wed. 17 May, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

NEWISHAM & Greenwich Labour Parties. Jt members meeting: 'Defence & Disarmament'. Judith Hart, MP, Christopher Mayhew, MP. Fri, 19 May, 8 p.m. All Saints Hall, Tranquil Vale, Blackheath Village

RACE Relations in Britain Conference. Liverpool, Sunday, 28 May, 2.30 p.m. Walker Art Gallery. Speaker: Ben Parkin, MP. Chairman: Professor Lyon Blease. Opened by Lord Mayor of Liverpool. Tickets 1s. 6d. from Civil Liberties, 293 New Kings Rd, London, SW6.

'WORLD Peace Brigade'. Arlo Tatum, Gen. Sec., War Resisters' International. Mon., 15 May, 6.30. 6 Endsleigh St, WC1. Non-mems. welcome. Peace Pledge Union.

'EICHMANN and Nazism'. Public meeting, Thurs. 18 May, 7.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster. Spkrs: Mr D. N. Pritt, QC, Coun. Mrs Peggy Middleton, Lipmann Kessel, MBE, MC, FRCS, Mr R. H. Edwards. 1s. Org. London Peace Campaign.

THE Ancient Hebrews and their Neighbours – Recent Archaeological Evidence' – Lectures (with slides) by Dr Richard Barnett (Keeper, Dept of Asiatic Antiquities, British Museum). Sundays 14 and 28 May at 3.30 p.m., Liberal Jewish Synagogue (Hall). 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8 (opp. Lord's). All welcome.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 14 May. Dr John Lewis MA, 'You Can't Change Human Nature'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—contd

HALDANE Society. T. O. Kellock (Pros. Lib. candidate), C. Kamalondo (United National Independence Party, N. Rhodesia) on 'Central African Federation', Tues. 16 May, 6.30 p.m. Royal Scottish Corporation, Fleur de Lis Court, Fetter Lane, EC4.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Questions and Answers. Nigel Henderson will answer questions about his work, set by Colin St John Wilson. (Illustrated). Thursday, 18 May, 8.15 p.m. Mems 2s. Non-mems 3s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Raymond Williams speaks on 'Children in a Changing Society', Tuesday, 16 May, 7.45 p.m. AGM, Council for Children's Welfare.

FIRST Conference of University Writers at Keele 15-17 Sept. Lectures, readings, etc. by famous poets and critics. Open to all. Inclusive cost £5. Details from Manager, 'Universities Poetry', University College, Keele, Staffs.

IN Search of a Phoenix', a film on the flamingoes of four countries with commentary by Roger T. Peterson, American ornithologist, who will be present to introduce the film. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 17 May, 8.30 p.m. Admission free.

KARL-KRAUS Memorial Evening, Sun. 28 May at 7.30, Arts Council, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Martin Miller reads from Kraus' works (in German). Tickets 7s. 6d. from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High Street, W8. (WES. 9003).

'JACKSON Pollock,' a lecture by Bryan Robertson, Director, Whitechapel Art Gallery; author of 'Jackson Pollock.' American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 17 May, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 12 May, 8 p.m. Bishop Anthony Bloom: 'Religion Russian People', Fri. 19 May, 8 p.m. Soviet Films: 'Feast of Orthodoxy', 'Moiseyev Ballet'.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Gramophone records – 'Los intereses creados' by Jacinto Benavente by the Lope de Vega Company 19 May 6 p.m.

THERAPEUTIC Value of Painting – Carol Jeffrey. Sun, 14 May, 7.15, at 109 Lancaster Gate, W2. Progressive League.

ANNUAL General Meeting, The New Jewish Society, Wed. 17 May at 8 p.m. Edith Kemsley Room, 83 Chiltern St, London, W1. (Members only are permitted to attend this meeting).

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 17 May, 6.30 p.m. 'Shamanism in Japanese Buddhism', Dr Carmen Blacker. Also Saturday, 20 May, 3 p.m., Children's Class. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: EAT. 1313.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 Sun. 14 May. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Arlo Tatum: 'Impressions of Hinduism'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 14 May, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. Working Convictions: Virginia Flemming.

THE Balance of Life'. Public lecture. 14 May, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Lt-Col Read, B.Sc. 'Science and Philosophy'. 8.30. Fri. 19 May. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

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COURSES etc.—contd on p.771

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